

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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February

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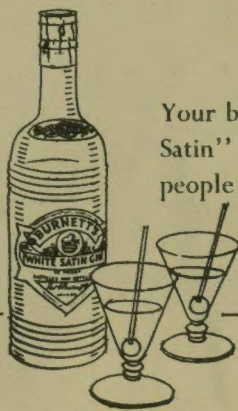


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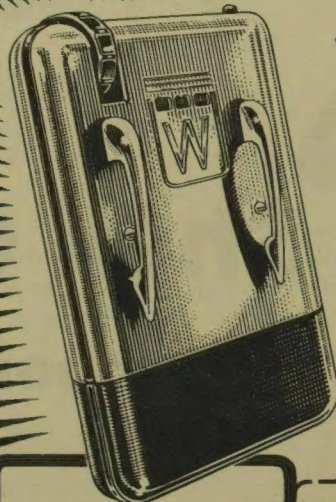


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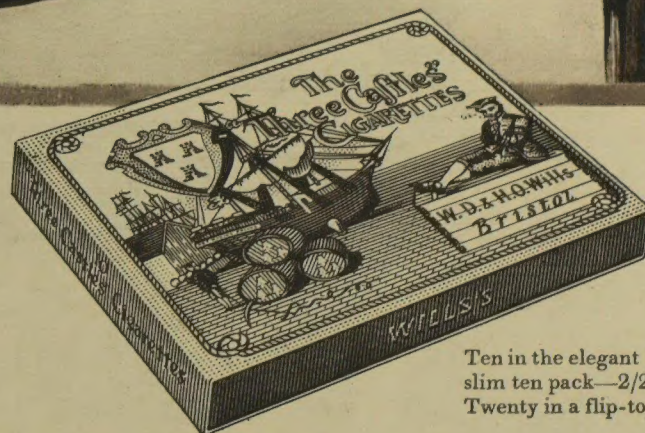
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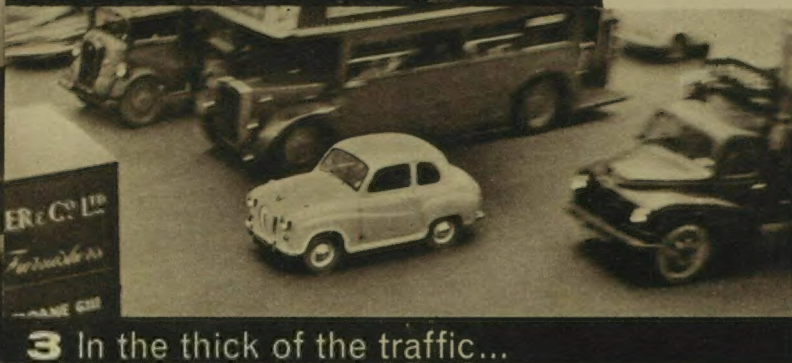
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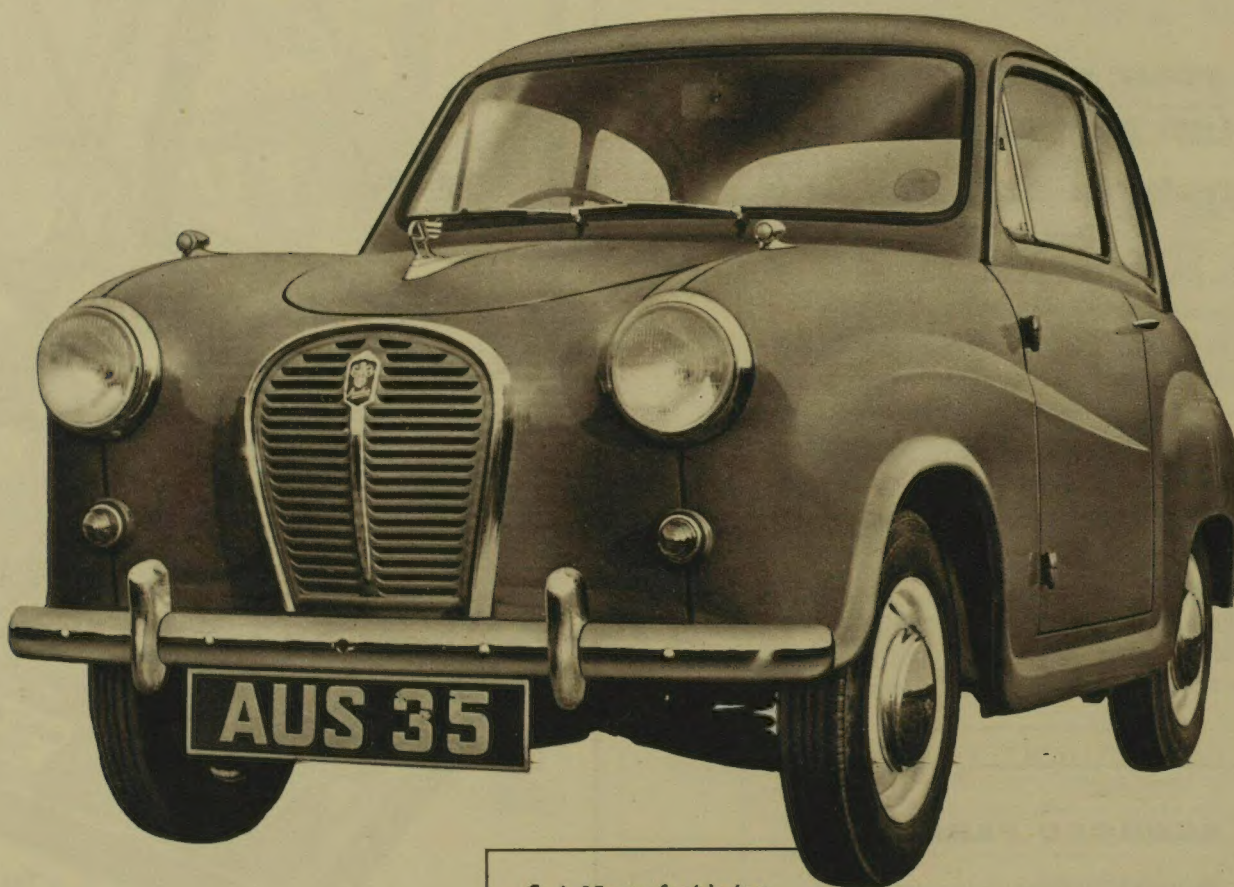


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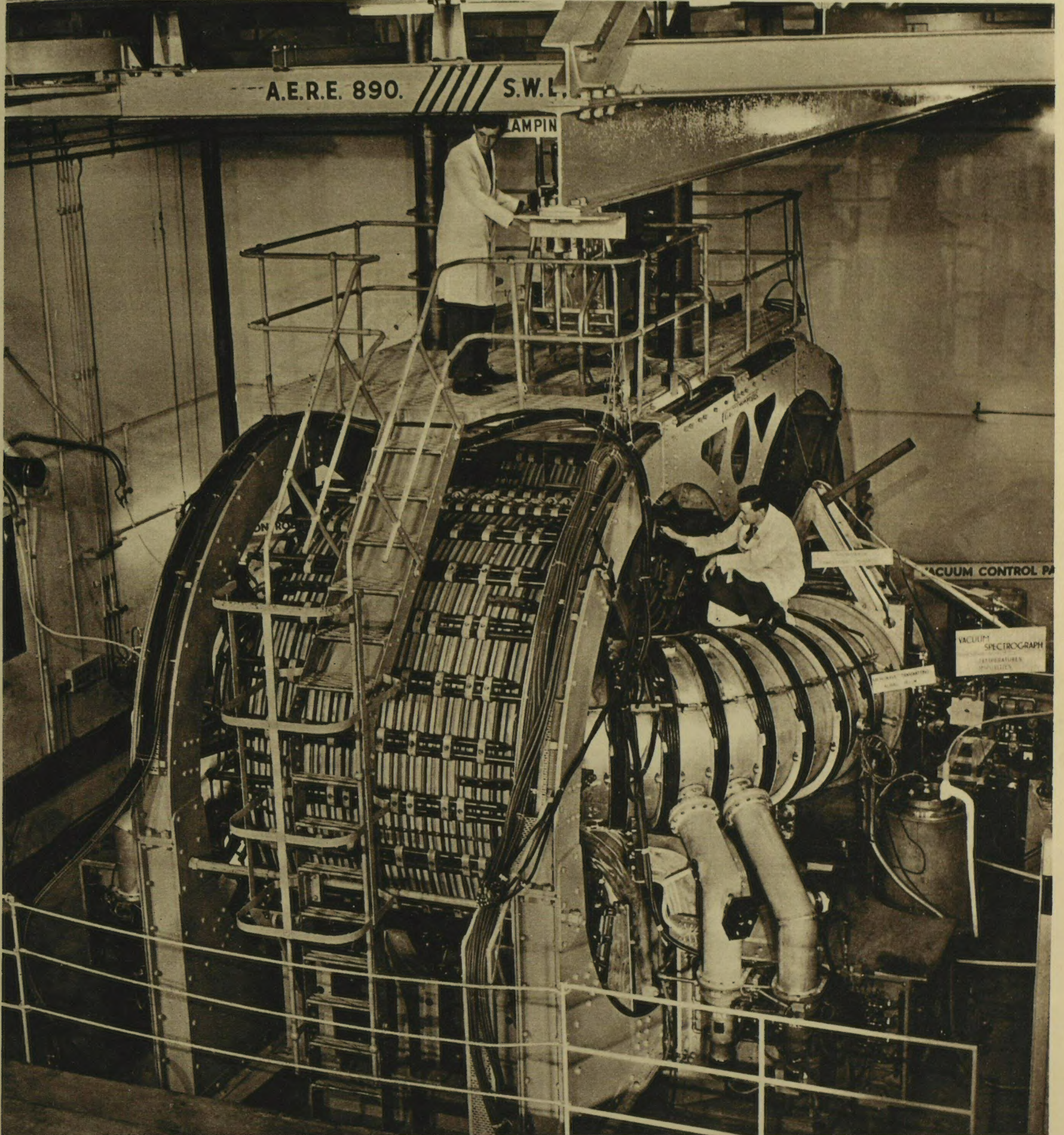
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1958.



AN EPOCH-MAKING BRITISH SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT: ZETA—THE HARWELL APPARATUS WHICH HAS ACHIEVED SPECTACULAR RESULTS IN CONTROLLING THE FUSION REACTION, AND HAS OPENED NEW VISTAS OF POWER SUPPLIES.

On January 24, simultaneous publications by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and the United States Atomic Energy Commission announced important advances in the current state of research in the field of controlled thermonuclear reactions. The outstanding feature of these announcements was the news that the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell has developed Zeta—Zero energy thermonuclear assembly—an apparatus which has produced and measured temperatures of up to 5,000,000 degs. centigrade—about a third of those at the centre of the sun—and held them

for times of a few thousandths of a second. Many major problems have still to be solved before the practical application of these experiments—which already suggest that “thermonuclear neutrons” have been obtained—can be seriously considered, and the work must be expected to remain in the research stage for many years yet. However, it now seems a possibility that in some twenty years’ time power supplies may be economically obtained by the fusion of deuterium or heavy hydrogen, in which case the oceans of the world will provide a virtually inexhaustible source of fuel.

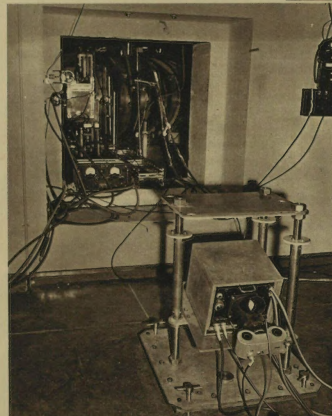
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AUTOMATICALLY RECORDING THE RESULTS OF THE HEATING OF THE DEUTERIUM GAS INSIDE THE TORUS: ONE OF THE CONTROL PANELS.

ON August 12, 1957, a large experimental apparatus for studying the controlled release of energy from thermonuclear reactions was started up at the Atomic Research Establishment, Harwell, and on August 30 this apparatus, Zeta, first operated under conditions that produced nuclear reactions. Since then Zeta has continued to operate successfully and now plans are already going ahead to design a larger version, which will heat heavy hydrogen gas—deuterium—up to temperatures of 300,000,000 degrees centigrade, thus proceeding still further towards the ultimate goal of producing energy by the harnessing of thermonuclear

(Right) USED TO MEASURE THE VARIATIONS OF LIGHT INTENSITY ACROSS THE DISCHARGE: A "STREAK" PHOTOGRAPHY CONVERTER CAMERA IN THE IMAGE CONVERTER LABORATORY.



WHERE HARWELL SCIENTISTS ARE MAKING WITH THEIR VARIED AND



INSIDE THE ZETA LABORATORY, WHERE "NO SMOKING" IS ENFORCED: THE AUXILIARY VACUUM UNIT AND THE VACUUM CONTROL PANEL.



A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING ILLUSTRATING THE TECHNIQUES FOR STUDYING THE GAS DISCHARGE OF ZETA.

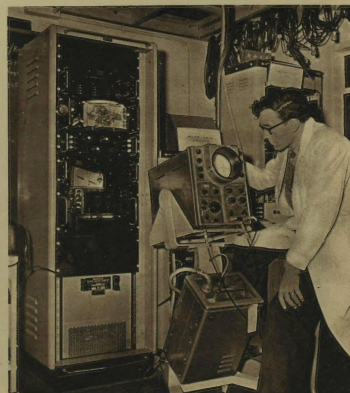


WHERE THE EXTREMELY HIGH TEMPERATURES ACHIEVED BY ZETA ARE ESTIMATED BY THE STUDY OF LIGHT FREQUENCIES EMITTED BY THE GAS: THE SPECTROSCOPY LABORATORY.

(Continued)

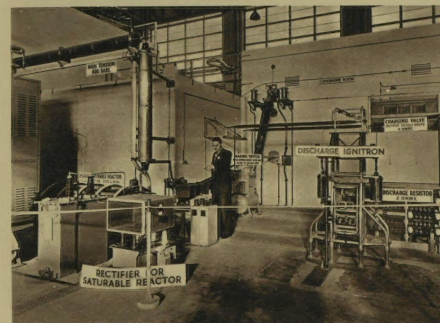
At the heart of Zeta—which has been developed by a team of scientists led by Dr. Peter Thonemann—is a ring-shaped aluminium tube (the torus). This is encircled over part of its length by the iron core of a large pulse transformer, through which are passed currents of up to 200,000 amperes. The principle of Zeta is to pass a large electric current through the deuterium gas (heavy hydrogen, which can be extracted from sea water) inside the torus. This current sets up an electric discharge in the gas (analogous to the discharge in a neon advertising sign) which heats it and also produces an intense magnetic

field around the column of hot gas. This magnetic field causes the discharge to become constricted and hence heated still more. Since it also causes the discharge to wriggle about, this field by itself is not enough to keep the discharge away from the walls (contact with which would result in loss of heat). The wriggling has been suppressed by applying an additional steady magnetic field parallel to the axis of the tube. So far temperatures of up to 5,000,000 degrees centigrade have been achieved—higher than the measured surface temperatures of any star. Results obtained from Zeta suggest that "thermo-

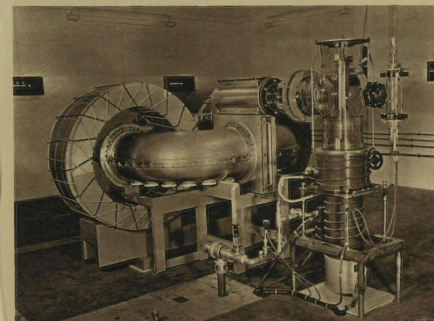


IN THE NEUTRON LABORATORY: A SCIENTIST WATCHING THE NEUTRON COUNTER SCINTILLATOR.

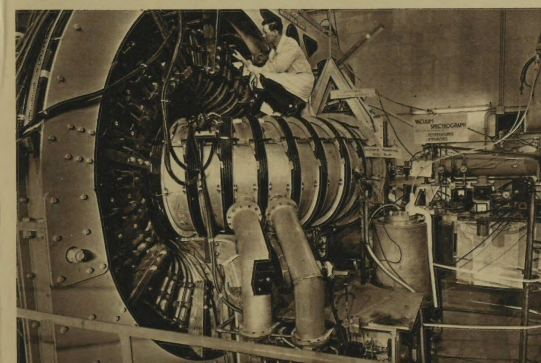
HISTORY: INSIDE THE ZETA LABORATORIES, COMPLEX APPARATUS.



PROVIDING AND CONTROLLING THE LARGE ELECTRIC CURRENT WHICH PASSES THROUGH THE DEUTERIUM GAS: SOME OF THE ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.

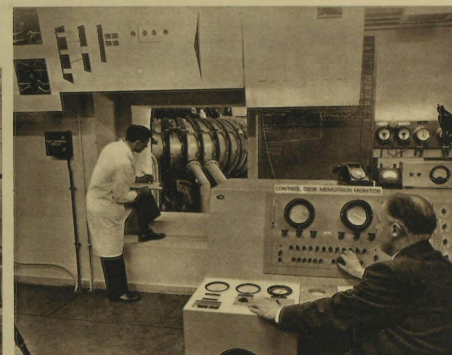


PLAYING A VITAL ROLE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ZETA: AN EARLY MODEL OF THE TORUS BUILT AT HARWELL.



THE HUB OF IT ALL: A CLOSE-UP OF ZETA, WITH ITS ALUMINIUM TUBE (TORUS) SOME 10 FT. IN DIAMETER, AND THE IRON CORE OF ITS LARGE PULSE TRANSFORMER (LEFT).

nuclear neutrons" (the fusion of the atoms of deuterium resulting from the increased speed of their random motion as they are heated) have almost certainly been obtained. At the present time, however, the energy produced in the fusion reaction is only about a million-millionth of the energy input. That is why Zeta is called a Zero energy thermonuclear assembly. In order to break even, temperatures of about 300,000,000 degrees in deuterium gas are needed, but Zeta's achievements up to now are sufficient to make this seem at least a feasible project. While this progress has been made at Harwell



WITH A SECTION OF ZETA SEEN THROUGH AN APERTURE IN THE WALL: THE CONTROL ROOM, WHERE THE WHOLE SEQUENCE OF OPERATION IS OBSERVED.



NOW USED FOR INSTABILITY STUDIES: HARWELL'S MARK 2 TORUS. THE PRESENT ZETA IS THE FOURTH TORUS APPARATUS BUILT THERE.



DEMONSTRATING THE PRINCIPLE ON WHICH ZETA WORKS: A MODEL WITH A GLASS TORUS IN WHICH THE "PINCHED" DISCHARGE HIGH TEMPERATURE GAS MAY BE SEEN.

a smaller device has been developed at Aldermaston by an Associated Electrical Industries team under the direction of Dr. Allibone. Here, too, temperatures of about 4,000,000 degrees have been obtained. There has also been a considerable amount of similar research in the United States, notably at the Universities of Princeton and California. At present, however, it appears that Zeta has gone furthest in bringing closer the utilisation of man-made thermonuclear reactions, thus making the abundant waters of the oceans a vital and practically unlimited source of fuel.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Army, which the politicians have decided to put on a voluntary basis once more, is having, it is said, great difficulty in obtaining Regular recruits. This is scarcely surprising. All sorts of explanations are being advanced for the decline in enlistment figures and various expedients proposed, some of them very curious indeed, for improving them. But the real reasons for the Government's—and nation's—dilemma are obvious. In the past, before National Service temporarily solved the perennial problem of recruiting Britain's little Regular Army, there were two main motives which caused men to join the Colours. The one was straitened circumstances, the other the sense of romance and adventure with which the soldier's life was invested.

The lover and his lass
Beneath the hawthorn lying
Have heard the soldiers pass
And both are sighing.

Sometimes both circumstances combined to persuade a man to take the King's shilling, so sacrificing his freedom and condemning himself to a life of certain hardship, probable exile and possible peril. For an adventurous spirit in youth often leads to penury, and, after a certain point is reached, poverty and misfortune will render a man reckless; he cannot be worse off, he feels, so "he'll 'een take Peggy," or, what is much the same thing—for long-term enlistment is rather like marriage in its binding consequences!—the recruiting sergeant. "If any gentlemen soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve His Majesty and pull down the French King: if any 'prentices have severe masters, and children have undutiful parents: if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite at the sign of the Raven in the good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment!" That was the way the old Army was recruited from the days of William and Mary and good Queen Anne to those of the Widow of Windsor. It

was a rough-and-ready way, a hard way, and, in times of piping peace and trade prosperity, a sometimes inadequate way of filling the waiting muster rolls. Yet on the whole it worked, and what fine soldiers it produced and what a magnificent army! The recruiting sergeants spread their snares in the haunts of the poor and reckless, and the Regiments, when the dazed rookies came in, did the rest. Blenheim, Malplaquet, Dettingen, Plassey, Quebec, Minden, Assaye, Egypt, Peninsula, Waterloo, Balaclava, Inkerman, Delhi Gate, Rorke's Drift, Mons, First Ypres—the brightest blazonry in the roll of Britain's history was limned by these men and their officers. And, though though drink—their occupational failing—and their ungrateful country's penuriousness condemned many of them, who survived death and wounds on the battlefield, to a tragic end, the vast majority of them came out of the Army finer men than they went in. They sacrificed

much on the day they became soldiers in name, but the Service that made them soldiers in fact repaid that sacrifice with interest. It gave them for their surrender to its discipline self-discipline, for their long servitude comradeship, for their hardships and toil fortitude and cheerfulness, for their assignation with fear and death pride and honour. There are no finer men on earth than the survivors of the old pre-1914 Regular Army, the "Old Contemptibles," as their Association calls itself after the Kaiser's sneer at the force that barred his way to world mastery. One has only to be in the presence of such men for a few minutes to feel their inherent dignity and nobility.

But we have done with all that, defeated poverty, and made a better world. And now, after twenty years of filling the ranks of the Army by compulsory National Service, we are proposing to go back to the old system. Such is the natural dislike of National Service, that any

Queen offers him, through her officers of the Welfare State, far more remunerative inducements for doing nothing at all. For able-bodied youth, at any rate, though not, I am afraid, always for the old and infirm, we have abolished poverty and, in abolishing it, abolished, for all but the very exceptional, incentive, too, including the incentive to join the Army. As for the inducement of adventure, a world made safe for go-slow and mediocrity at all levels is not one in which youth is much open to the call of the wild and the unknown.

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide

may have been the song the sirens sang to the hard-bitten, reckless young down-and-outs on the hungry pavements of late Victorian England, but it has little appeal to Mum's boy and the State's boy in the well-cushioned middle of the twentieth century. With the help of a weekly wage-packet

that would have kept his grandfather for a year, or the slightly less lavish money which the Welfare State pays out through its various offices in a score of different forms, in lieu of it, he can see all of the wide world he wants to see on the "tele" or at the "flicks," while Tin Pan Alley, rock 'n' roll, space fiction and horror cartoons satisfy the languid stirring of his blood for adventure. His imagination has never been roused to any larger vision. And here, I feel, one comes up against a fundamental flaw in our educational and social system. Though in war we revert to these otherwise outworn beliefs, in peacetime we decry patriotism and sneer at the heroic ideals that in past ages have caused men to sacrifice themselves proudly in order that the society of which they were members should be saved from those seeking its destruction. There is no dearth of those who to-day seek our society's destruction, but there is an increasingly dangerous lack of those who can see any virtue in putting themselves out to defend it.

It is because no one ever

makes the young realise what the destruction of the comfortable society they take for granted would mean and, by contrast, how dear it really is to them, that they are unable to realise that there is something noble in the soldier's calling and worth emulating. I have no doubt that if, shall we say, the Red Army arrived in Britain to occupy the country after it had suffered an atomic defeat or surrendered for lack of defences, the youths of to-day who turn their backs with contempt on soldiering would become as bitter against the alien tyranny that oppressed them and their country and as valiant to defy it as the oldest-fashioned "Blimp" or "gunboat-colonel." And given the chance and the training, they would acquit themselves as well in battle as ever their fathers did under Montgomery, Slim and Alexander, or their grandfathers under Haig and Allenby. But the question is: Will they be given the chance? Will there be time?



DURING HIS VISIT TO CEYLON: THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY MACMILLAN AT THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH AT KANDY.

On January 17, the day after his arrival in Ceylon, Mr. Macmillan, accompanied by Lady Macmillan, visited the Dalada Maligawa at Kandy, a temple in which the sacred tooth of Buddha is enshrined. While in Kandy, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Mr. Macmillan at the University of Ceylon, and following this ceremony, the Prime Minister planted a commemorative sapling of *Tabebuia guayacan* in the nearby Royal Botanical Garden at Peradeniya. Later, at a dinner in Colombo of members of both Houses of the Ceylon Parliament, Mr. Macmillan announced that the British gift of £10,000 to aid victims of the recent floods in Ceylon was to be doubled. Mr. Macmillan's visit ended the next day when he left for Singapore, where he was to make a short visit before continuing his Commonwealth tour. From Singapore he flew via Australia to New Zealand.

political Party that opposes such a return is bound to lose votes. The question, however, is whether voluntary recruitment will give us an Army now at all. For in modern Britain, in the age groups that the Army requires, there are few needy and not very many adventurous. Comparatively speaking, in relation to the work performed, the highest wage packets in our present-day economy go to unskilled young men between the age of seventeen and thirty. And, however idle, dissipated or improvident such youths may become, the Welfare State operates in a hundred different ways to ensure that the price of idleness, dissipation and improvidence falls on the community as a whole and not on the individual offender. Provided he keeps the right side of the Criminal Law, the young ne'er-do-well in the 1950s need scarcely suffer at all. He has no necessity, therefore, to take the Queen's shilling from Her Majesty's recruiting officer, for the kind



ON THE EVE OF HER TOUR OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA : H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was due to arrive in Auckland to-day (February 1) at the beginning of her tour of New Zealand and Australia. The Queen Mother, who left London Airport on the morning of Tuesday, January 28, in an American-built DC 7C aircraft, was to make the outward journey *via* Montreal, Vancouver, Honolulu and Fiji. From Fiji the Queen Mother and her party were to fly on to Auckland in a *Britannia* aircraft. When the arrangements for the tour were being made the Queen Mother expressed a wish that in her engagements she might mingle and talk with

people as much as possible. This has meant the exclusion in great measure of State banquets and luncheons in favour of such things as informal open-air gatherings. The tour of New Zealand, which ends at Christchurch on February 14, is to be made by air and will include visits to twelve cities and towns. The Queen Mother is to visit Australia from February 14, when she arrives at Canberra, until March 7, when she is to leave Perth for England in a *Super-Constellation* of Qantas Empire Airways, returning *via* Cocos Islands, Mauritius, Nairobi and Malta, arriving in London on March 10.

Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.

DISCUSSION and news about defence has lately shifted sharply to nuclear weapons and "disengagement" in central Europe. For the moment more domestic topics have fallen to a secondary place. The general public, except that part of it which is most closely concerned, has half forgotten that this country is engaged in two parallel forms of reorganisation of the armed forces, both revolutionary and controversial, both of high importance. The first of these is a drastic reduction in strength—in the Army especially, one involving the disappearance or amalgamation of a large number of units. The second is the project of replacing conscription by voluntary service. They are different in principle, though connected by the fact that volunteer defence forces would be out of the question without a considerable decrease in strength.

Mr. Wigg remarked in the House of Commons that the nation could not afford to pay £50,000,000 in one half-year to get men out of the Army and another £50,000,000 in the next half-year to get men into it. This was, of course, a clever debating point, since the two processes are quite different: one being that of thinning out the officers and senior N.C.O.s who form the cadre, the other being that of attracting more young recruits for the Army of the future. Yet this almost simultaneous distribution of bonuses in one form or other for objects so contrary on the face of it must be puzzling to foreign observers and perhaps to some extent even at home.

The question has been further complicated by the fact that speculation has linked expenditure on defence very closely with the resignations of Mr. Thorneycroft and his two lieutenants at the Treasury. It is pure speculation, and some of the claims to inside knowledge have been ludicrous, but if the former Chancellor resigned because the Cabinet would not accept his trimming of estimates it seems hardly likely that defence did not come into the controversy. It has at all events been made clear that the Government intends to persevere in its aims, announced last year, of abolishing conscription, ending the call-up in 1960, and offering inducements for voluntary enlistment on long-term engagements.

Lord Mancroft said in the House of Lords on January 22 that the Government had not abandoned this policy, as had been reported in some newspapers. Replying to pessimistic comments in the debate then in progress as well as in the Press, he said that it was not possible to forecast the success or failure of recruiting with any claim to accuracy, though the situation would become clearer in the near future. Meanwhile, he found the figures not unhelpful, and considered that, while the task of creating volunteer armed forces would be a hard one, the thing could be done. Simultaneously the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Soames, was saying in the Commons that the task was not an impossible one.

On the subject of inducements Lord Mancroft made it clear that, though the Grigg Committee had not yet reported, there was no reason why it should hold up the plans of the Government. I agree that the time has not come for prophecy and make none, except that the project will indeed be hard to fulfil. Where it does seem to me that Lord Mancroft was perhaps excessively optimistic was in his statement that the Government now looked confidently to our N.A.T.O. allies to suggest a quick solution to the problem of local defence costs of our forces in Germany. He did also say, however, that Britain's allies had been warned,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

OPTIMISTIC LORD MANCROFT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

both in the North Atlantic Council and in the Council of Western Europe, that a very serious situation would arise if no solution were to be found.

There can be no doubt that few inducements can be as effective as the provision of modern



AT THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BARRACKS, WOOLWICH, ON JANUARY 21: MR. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, OPERATING A WINCH TO START DEMOLITION WORK.



THE RESULT OF THE MINISTERIAL HEAVE: PART OF A WALL OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BARRACK BLOCK COMES CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

Mr. Christopher Soames undertook his first public engagement as Secretary of State for War when he formally inaugurated the demolition work of an eighteenth-century barrack block in the centre of the Royal Artillery Barracks at Woolwich. Last Post was sounded as he operated the winch, and Reveille as the dust settled. This ceremony was the first stage in the demolition of a number of buildings to make room for ten up-to-date barrack blocks, which should be completed by the end of 1960, as part of the Army's policy to provide modern accommodation—a policy which is here discussed by Captain Falls.

accommodation. Married quarters come first because the discomforts of the archaic are less for the single man in barracks than for the family in a house. I would even put this factor above that of pay, though the latter is also of importance. I suggest to anyone interested in the subject that it would be worth while when driving in the neighbourhood of a garrison town or camp to take

a good look round. What has been done already in the way of providing new married quarters is astonishing. They have rightly been given priority over barracks, but now this daunting task also is being taken in hand. Hacking down Victorian barracks is daunting indeed. Those builders always made public buildings solid, but they put their souls into barracks.

We hear less of the inducement of provision for the future of those who stand at the end of a long-service enlistment, but I am sure that this is far more important than is generally realised. For many years I enjoyed much military hospitality and have talked a lot to those pleasant men, officers' batmen—I stick to the old term. They are informative not only about their own sentiments but about those of the rank and file in general. Nearly all whom I have questioned have told me that this is one of the considerations which makes men, whether or not they are married, but most of all in the latter case, hesitate about committing themselves to long service. People often say airily that the solution is "jobs under Government" for ex-soldiers. Perhaps, but it is not an easy one. It has to face objections from the Civil Service, which tries to keep its ranks closed, lest it should suffer in promotion.

Yet I refuse to believe that it is outside the limits of ingenuity and good will to carry measures for the official employment of ex-soldiers, ex-sailors, and ex-airmen a step or two farther than they have already gone. The skilled tradesman rarely needs such intervention; he can, as a rule, find a job in industry and enter a union if necessary. Even to-day, however, there are a lot of men, often good men, too, who do not come into this category. Unemployment has risen slightly, and it is probable that if conscription is brought to an end there will be some further rise, if only temporary. It would be not only unjust but also a handicap to the Government's own projects if ex-servicemen were to become the chief sufferers.

On the voluntary principle I have no strong feelings. In some ways I should regret the passing of National Service. A scheme which takes in practically all the male youth of the country has to cope with the failures and misfits, even those of criminal tendencies, and what Lord Mancroft called "the spivs, the layabouts and the no-goods." In the much superior language of 1577 the famous Viceroy of Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney, put it: "For the soldiers it must be confessed that soldiers are no angels, nor yet among men the harmlest creatures." None the less, I believe that socially and in the promotion of physical health and fitness, National Service was, on the whole, a great success. On the military side I do not think it can be considered a failure.

What I do want to see is the best possible Army, the best possible armed forces, based on the decisions of the Government. I put the Army first, not only because it is my special interest, but because it is the hardest problem, and voluntary service is sure to succeed in the other two services if it succeeds with it. The Government having made up its mind, I wish it good luck, and the last thing I will do is crab its prospects. Mr. Sandys is engaged on an experiment which may well take as big a place in history as those of Cardwell and Haldane. Yet, if theirs were experiments, they could, nevertheless, see the way ahead more clearly than he possibly can. I trust he is on the right track.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



KARACHI, PAKISTAN. THE INSTALLATION OF THE AGA KHAN AS FORTY-NINTH IMAM OF THE ISMAILI MOSLEMS: THE DAIS IN THE CENTRE OF THE CROWDED NATIONAL STADIUM.

On January 23, in the National Stadium, six miles from Karachi, before a crowd of about 100,000, including 60,000 Ismaili Moslems from twenty countries, the 21-year-old Aga Khan was installed as 49th Imam of the sect. Among those present were the President and Premier of Pakistan and the Aga Khan's mother and uncle.



WEARING THE CHAIN WITH PORTRAIT PLAQUES OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THE IMAMATE: THE AGA KHAN ON THE REVOLVING THRONE.



SCOTT BASE, ANTARCTICA. PREPARING FOR THEIR DASH TO THE SOUTH POLE: MEMBERS OF SIR EDMUND HILLARY'S N.Z. PARTY LOADING THE SLEDGES FOR THEIR HISTORIC JOURNEY. Dr. Fuchs left the South Pole for Scott Base on January 24, and at the time of writing had covered some 80 miles in the first forty-eight hours and his report said, "Going soft and restful for *Sno-cats*, but fuel consumption up." Two U.S. aircraft flew out the dogs Dr. Fuchs left behind.



THE SOUTH POLE. SIR EDMUND HILLARY (CENTRE) AT THE SOUTH POLE BEING CONGRATULATED BY (CENTRE, BACK TO CAMERA) MAJOR MOGENSEN AND (LEFT) DR. HOUK.



BEER-SHEBA, ISRAEL. MR. BEN-GURION, THE PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL, OPENING THE "DRY-LAND SUEZ CANAL," A STRETCH OF HIGHWAY LINKING BEER-SHEBA AND EILAT. On January 16 Mr. Ben-Gurion opened what he called a "dry-land Suez Canal," a 100-mile stretch of asphalted highway, which shortens and speeds up the journey between Beer-Sheba and the Gulf of Akaba port of Eilat, Israel's outlet on the Red Sea.



SCOTT BASE, ANTARCTICA. SIR EDMUND HILLARY'S DOG TEAM, BEFORE THE JOURNEY TO THE POLE. THEY ARE TO RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND, TO ZOOS AND PRIVATE OWNERS

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CYPRUS. TURKISH RIOTS IN NICOSIA: TROOPS ADVANCING ON DEMONSTRATORS WHO CARRIED PLACARDS ATTACKING THE GOVERNOR'S SO-CALLED "PRO-GREEK" POLICY. On January 26 Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus, left Nicosia for Ankara to have consultations about Cyprus with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. On the previous day there was a serious disturbance by a Turkish mob at Limassol, and riot squads had to use tear gas.



ARGENTINA. AFTER WINNING THE ARGENTINE GRAND PRIX IN A COOPER-CLIMAX: STIRLING MOSS OF BRITAIN GARLANDED IN BUENOS AIRES. On January 19 Stirling Moss, the British racing driver, won the Argentine Grand Prix in a Cooper-Climax. Ferraris, driven by Luigi Musso (Italy) and M. Hawthorn (Britain), were second and third. The little green Cooper-Climax was the only British car competing and Moss's winning speed was 84 m.p.h.



NORTHERN NIGERIA. PYRAMIDS OF GROUNDNUTS: A SCENE NEAR KANO AS WORKMEN LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF YET ANOTHER PYRAMID OF SACKS OF NUTS. Around the railhead near Kano, in Northern Nigeria, bags of groundnuts—of which the present season promises a record crop—have been stacked in huge pyramids ready for transportation by rail to the ports and oil factories.



NORTHERN NIGERIA. AROUND THE RAILHEAD NEAR KANO: MEN CLIMBING A COMPLETED GROUNDNUT PYRAMID. THE PRESENT SEASON PROMISES A RECORD CROP.



THE U.S.A. AT AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED THE OPENING IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. Some thirty-five paintings by Sir Winston Churchill covering a span of forty-one years are being exhibited in the United States. This first public exhibition devoted to his paintings started its American tour in Kansas City, where it was opened at the Nelson Art Gallery on January 22 by Sir Harold Caccia, the British Ambassador.



HOLLAND. IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEY ARE UNDER OBSERVATION FOR RADIO-ACTIVE CONTAMINATION: CHILDREN OF THE HAANSCHOTEN FAMILY. A Dutch family of five children and their parents were placed under observation in a Utrecht hospital after one of them—four-year-old Joke (centre of photograph, with bows in her hair)—was found to have had a broken-off needle containing radium left in her nose after treatment for a nose complaint. The small quantity of radium to which the girl's family was exposed for a few hours was judged to be not genetically dangerous, but it was decided to keep the family in isolation for a few weeks.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ORAN, ALGERIA. £1,700,000's WORTH OF ARMS SEIZED BY THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES FROM THE YUGOSLAV SHIP *SLOVENIJA*, STACKED ON THE QUAYSIDE AT ORAN.



ORAN, ALGERIA. THE YUGOSLAV FREIGHTER *SLOVENIJA* (5824 TONS), AFTER SHE WAS BROUGHT IN BY FRENCH DESTROYERS, CHARGED WITH CARRYING CONTRABAND ARMS. The Yugoslav freighter *Slovenija* was intercepted by French destroyers on January 19 and brought into Oran; and part of her cargo, 150 tons of arms and ammunition, was confiscated, the French authorities claiming that it was bound for the Algerian terrorists.



TUNISIA. ADDRESSING THE TUNISIAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY ON JANUARY 18: PRESIDENT BOURGUIBA, WHO SPOKE OF HIS DESIRE TO SETTLE DIFFERENCES WITH FRANCE.



ITALY. A "SWORD FIGHT" DURING A REHEARSAL OF *DON CARLOS*: SIGNOR FRANCO CORELLI (LEFT) AND MR. BORIS KRISTOFF, WHO ARE SAID TO HAVE COME TO BLOWS. According to reports from Rome Mr. Boris Kristoff, who was taking the part of Philip II in Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the Rome Opera House, came to blows with Signor Franco Corelli (playing the title-rôle) during a rehearsal of the opera. Mr. Kristoff then refused to sing the part and is reported to be suing the Opera for breach of contract. The two singers are also said to be contemplating suing each other.



TUNISIA. THE FRONTIER INCIDENT WHICH THREATENED FRANCO-TUNISIAN RELATIONS: FOUR FRENCH SOLDIERS BEING INTERROGATED BY ALGERIAN REBELS (BACKS TO CAMERA). On January 15 France threatened to sever diplomatic relations with Tunisia unless President Bourguiba secured the release of four French soldiers held by Algerian rebels on Tunisian territory. The men were captured in a frontier raid. The Tunisians declared that the fighting took place in Algeria and they had nothing to do with it.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM'S NEW WOMEN POLICE: THREE CANDIDATES FOR THE FIFTEEN-STRONG EXPERIMENTAL FORCE AT THE FINAL EXAMINATION. THE NEW FORCE MADE ITS DEBUT RECENTLY. STANDING, RIGHT, SUPERINTENDENT ROS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



JAPAN. LEAVING TOKYO FOR A TRAINING CRUISE DURING WHICH SHE WILL VISIT PEARL HARBOUR: THE JAPANESE FRIGATE HARUKAZE.

The Japanese frigate *Harukaze* recently left Tokyo for a training cruise, during which, with three other Japanese frigates, she was to anchor in Pearl Harbour. It was to be the first visit of a Japanese naval squadron to Pearl Harbour since the war.



PERU. DURING A RECENT EARTHQUAKE: THE SCENE IN A STREET IN AREQUIPA CITY. TWO PEOPLE WERE REPORTED KILLED.

On January 15 an earth tremor shook the Arequipa City area of Peru, about 500 miles south of Lima. Two people are reported killed and a number injured. Communications with the area were partially disrupted, and a large dust cloud was thrown up over the city.



SWITZERLAND. MISS A. REYNOLDS, WHO WON THE FIGURE SKATING IN THE COMMONWEALTH WINTER GAMES. The winner of the figure-skating contest in the first Commonwealth Winter Games, held recently at St. Moritz, was Miss A. Reynolds, of Nottingham. Above, she is seen skating at St. Moritz after her victory.



INDIA. A CEREMONY IN NEW DELHI: THE INDIAN PRESIDENT (RIGHT) PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO HIS BODYGUARD. New Colours, the first of a series to be presented to Indian Army units and replacing those issued under the British régime, were presented to the President's Bodyguard by the Indian President in New Delhi on January 18.



SOUTH AFRICA. A SHARK CAUGHT AFTER THE RECENT OUTBREAK OF SHARK ATTACKS ON BATHERS. Helicopter patrols have been organised and depth charges exploded following the recent outbreak of shark attacks at bathing beaches in Natal in which two people have died and others have been severely wounded.



JAPAN. NOW NEARING COMPLETION: THE $\frac{1}{2}$ -MILE-LONG OFFICE BLOCK IN TOKYO WHICH IS SURMOUNTED BY A ROADWAY.

An office block in Tokyo, about three-quarters-of-a-mile long and claimed as one of the world's longest buildings, which has the unusual distinction of providing an important roadway (which takes the place of a roof), is now nearing completion.



ITALY, NEAR LEGHORN. ACCEPTING THE GIFT OF A BRIDGE TO HELP HER TO GET TO SCHOOL: MARISA, A LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL.

The life of Marisa, a little Italian girl, was complicated by difficulties in going to and from school caused by an unbridged stream. She let the schoolteacher know that a very acceptable Christmas present would be a bridge, and lo! an Italian film company built one for her.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL TRILOGY.

"GEORGIAN AFTERNOON." By L. E. JONES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THOSE who have read Sir Lawrence Jones's "A Victorian Boyhood" and "An Edwardian Youth" will need no urging from me to acquire the third volume of his trilogy which brings the author to what Rupert Brooke rather optimistically called "that un hoped serene which men call age." I know of no such comprehensive autobiography in English by a genial and modest all-round man. For candour, for sharpness of eye and memory, for quietness of statement, for variety of experience, for affection towards places and persons, and for pellucid and melodious style, I know of no series resembling them except for those three volumes of Aksakov, so beautifully translated forty years ago by J. D. Duff. My copies went up in smoke years ago, but I think their titles were "A Russian Boyhood," "A Russian Sportsman," and "A Russian Gentleman." At any rate, those titles, even if not accurate, do convey the leisurely and cheerful country-house atmosphere of those enchanting books. I don't know if they are still in print: but, bound together as one, they would certainly adorn such "libraries" as "Everyman" and "The World's Classics," and open the eyes of those who think that *all* Russian authors under the old régime were cantankerous, violent, wildly Utopian, or symbolically crepuscular. Nekrassov wrote a celebrated epic with the exhilarating title of "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?" which has been translated into English and, although depressing, is never dull—dullness being a quality which, apart from buttoned-up bureaucrats, Russian people have seldom achieved. Had anybody confronted Aksakov with that question, his simple answer would have been, "Well, I am."

To a similar question Sir Lawrence, born in similar surroundings, in a less turbulent country but a far more violent age, would probably return the same answer. What happened to Aksakov in his last years I do not know. If the Bolsheviks have produced a Russian D.N.B. as strictly "orthodox" and "anti-deviationist" as their "Encyclopædia," he may, for all I know, be completely omitted, or described as a nineteenth-century Capitalist Cannibal or Wall-Street Shark—as wicked a tyrant and butcher, perhaps, as that other land-owning ogre, Mr. Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice." But his British analogue, Sir Lawrence, has certainly had, in a worldly way, no luck.

He is the fifth baronet, having succeeded his father in 1954. He has no son. The baronetcy was created in 1831 and the first holder was Major-General Sir John Thomas Jones, who was an A.D.C. to Queen Victoria and who distinguished himself in the Peninsular War. Sir Lawrence was brought up in a beautiful old house in Norfolk (where these Joneses, in spite of their name, have modestly reigned for centuries); he has had to part with it, and has seen it auctioned, partly pulled down, and the remaining portion broken up into tenements. Spending his early years in sunshine, the lovely Norfolk house, foreign holidays, Eton, a famous career at school and at Oxford as an oarsman and a scholar, never rich but never

needy, and always provided with what Belloc said (and how I agree, being even older than Sir Lawrence) were the best things in life—namely, "Laughter and the love of friends"—he found himself suddenly flung into a hard, difficult world.

In this volume we are told of his struggles against adversity, in the City, in the Kaiser's War, and in the City again. His first experience of the City was unfortunate: he found himself involved in the sort of company—promoting of which he had never dreamt: "The frequent board-meetings were held in a first-floor room in Carteret Street, and I shall never forget the extraordinary and novel discomforts of those sessions. Three years at the Bar had brought me into daily commerce with men who were as intelligent as they were upright, and I was naively unprepared for the stress of contending with falsity and, even more wearily, with hebetude. There is some satisfaction to be had from fencing with a quick-witted rascal, but the dreary iterations of a blockhead, stubbornly repeating by rote a formula he misunderstands, are exasperating. I disliked the Villain, but I could have murdered the Colonel, a man without guile. I am afraid, since I once made the Colonel cry, I must have been rude to him."

H.M.S. KING GEORGE V's LAST JOURNEY.



ENTERING THE BREAKERS' YARD AT DALMUIR, CLYDEBANK, ON JANUARY 20: THE 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP KING GEORGE V, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED ON THE TYNE IN 1940.

H.M.S. *King George V* made her last journey when she was towed up the Clyde from Greenock to the breakers' yard at Dalmuir. The decision to scrap her and the three other battleships in the "King George V" Class was announced early last year. At the time tribute was paid to the notable part these four battleships played in the Second World War. *King George V* took part in thirteen actions, including that in 1941 which resulted in the destruction of the German *Bismarck*.

When he first drifted into the City, "Jonah" (as all his contemporaries knew him) was an Innocent Abroad. He switched into the Army and, after a time, "filled, for six months or so, the post of Chief Instructor at the Cavalry Machine-gun School at Maresfield in Sussex." His job was to persuade newcomers that they were joining a *corps d'élite*: "It was a pity, therefore, that the commandant of the school should be an old-fashioned cavalryman who disliked and despised machine-guns. Not that he disclosed this—he was too loyal for that—to the new arrivals who on Monday mornings were paraded before his office-desk, in groups of six or seven, by the adjutant. But Lorenzo's idea of how to welcome and reassure these rather disconsolate young men, and to discharge his duty towards them as well as to the school he commanded, was to make to them the following short, unvarying speech:

"Well, gentlemen, this is a cavalry school, you know. In the cavalry we judge an

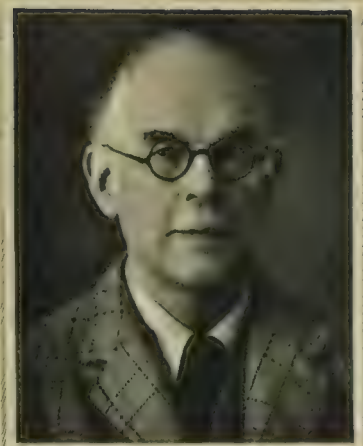
officer by his boots and his breeches. What else could we judge him by? On Wednesday a first-class tailor and bootmaker from London will visit this camp, and you will all be measured for new boots and breeches. Good morning, gentlemen."

There is a glimpse of a vanished age: the standards, as always, were good standards and, as usual, out of date. The stalwart Jones went to the front, was badly wounded, was captured and spent a long time in German prison-camps, where, as in so many narratives, some of the jailers were considerate and friendly and some utterly cruel and vile.

When the war was over, "Jonah" returned to the City as a "merchant banker." I have often wondered what a merchant banker was. I am now assured that he is neither a merchant nor a banker: he looks to me (and no shame to him) like a moneylender in a big way, gambling on what seems reasonable security. Sir Lawrence, for me, takes the lid off "The City"—that place so mysterious to the outside world, so unmythical to itself. When he was led into its obscure penetralia he thought he was going to meet a multitude of men learned in sciences of which he knew nothing: versed in the doctrines of all sorts of analytical theorists. He found, to his surprise, that jobbers and brokers alike knew no more about world affairs, politics, history, geography, ethnology, and likelihoods generally, than the ordinary man in the street. They obtained, he found, their information from the financial columns of the newspapers; and the prices they made were dictated by the wishes of investors—possibly, and even probably, quite ignorant.

It is pleasant to be given a glimpse of these arcana; and pleasant also to read Sir Lawrence's other chapters about shooting and stalking and the lovely scenes which go therewith—he has an extraordinary talent for recovering old thrills. Not so pleasant do I find his last pages, which reveal a Messianic side in him, an enthusiasm to reform the world in verse or drama. However, his last paragraph justifies him. He has been an honest man all his life.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 200 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR LAWRENCE EVELYN JONES.

Sir Lawrence Jones, who was born in 1885, succeeded his father as the 5th baronet in 1954. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar (Inner Temple) in 1909. He served with the Army in World War I and was awarded the M.C. Sir Lawrence is the author of a number of books including: "A la Carte"; "Beyond Belief"; "Stings and Honey," and the previous two volumes of his autobiographical trilogy entitled "A Victorian Boyhood" and "An Edwardian Youth."

* "Georgian Afternoon." By L. E. Jones. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 21s.)

THE PREDECESSOR OF ROMAN CIRENCESTER DISCOVERED: A BELGIC CAPITAL OF THE DOBUNNI EXCAVATED AT BAGENDON.

By MRS. E. M. CLIFFORD.

THE market town of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, has a long and interesting history and it retains to-day much of its mediæval charm and intimacy. The splendid church, standing in a bold and handsome market-place, owes most of its magnificence to the wool trade of the fifteenth century, and the domestic architecture is exceptionally varied. Among Cirencester's modern buildings is an excellent museum, bearing testimony to the fine instincts of the City Fathers. It houses a wonderful array of Roman remains found locally and collected through the energy and zeal of the Bathurst and Cripps families, by whom they were presented to the town. The quality of this collection, among the best in the country, would by itself reveal the importance of the Roman site, even if we did not already know that it was one of the largest towns in Roman Britain, second only to London in size, so far as walled areas are concerned (the original Silchester was slightly larger). It bore the fascinating title of *Corinium Dobunorum*, which incorporates the name of the native tribe that occupied parts of what we now know as Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Herefordshire and Somerset. The old belief was that *Corinium* was built on top of the tribal capital of the Dobunni. But excavation has now shown that the occupation of the site did not begin until early Roman times.

This discovery at once raised the problem of where the native capital was and of what type of people inhabited it. There were, indeed, several clues to its identification. In the first place, it was natural to look for its site in the vicinity of the new town established by the Romans. In the second place, we should expect such a tribal centre to be marked by extensive lines of earthworks linking natural barriers and enclosing an irregular area used both for settlement and for the protection of flocks and herds. For such features had betrayed the well-known Belgic capitals of *Camulodunum* (Colchester) and *Verulamium* (St. Albans), at but short distances from their Roman equivalents, before any actual excavation had taken place.

At Bagendon, three miles north of *Corinium*, all these conditions are fulfilled. Here, not far from the Roman town, is a series of long earthworks and ditches, linking such natural barriers as densely-forested valleys and forming a large enclosed area of about 200 acres. These could obviously lay claim to very serious consideration; and excavation was decided upon with the kind permission of three residents in the district, T. A. Mackenzie, Esq., of Bagendon Manor, Colonel Sprot, and J. C. Herdman, Esq. As a result, it has been possible to show that in this quiet, peaceful valley of Bagendon there was once a great hive of industry, where Early Iron Age people worked extensively in iron and copper, and, more important still, minted coins—proof that here was indeed their tribal capital.

The impressive ramparts and ditches on the eastern side of this site run for nearly a mile in a northerly direction, and excavation has revealed that they were laboriously cut in the solid rock to a depth of 6 ft. and that the ramparts were partly built with the stone taken from the ditches. Within this defined area there is a valley running east and west, hidden between two hills, and carrying on its floor a bed of gravel. This bed was laid down long ago by a deep, wide river, now represented by a small stream that joins the River Churn, one of the first feeders of the Thames. The site is also provided with never-failing springs of water thrown out by a bed of Fuller's Earth on the north slope, above which are beds of the limestone that forms the Cotswold Hills.

On the bed of gravel was built a massive stone platform, flanked on either side by deep, wide ditches. Smooth floors were laid on this platform and in these floors are shallow post-holes, relics of rectangular buildings which were probably domestic dwellings and perhaps, in some cases, workshops for the industries carried on here. Nails (Fig. 3) found in many of the post-holes show that the posts were of wood; while the survival of a good example of a prehistoric door-key indicates the one-time presence of a door (Fig. 12). When the ditches became filled with debris, some of the platform-floors were continued over the ditches, and in these extensions similar post-holes came to light. Generally, there were two such floors (Fig. 1), separated by an occupation-layer, which contained broken pottery, bones and teeth of animals used for food, bone tools, and other household refuse. On the south side there was a carefully-laid dry stone wall, which formed



FIG. 1. IN PRE-ROMAN CIRENCESTER; PART OF THE REMAINS OF THE CAPITAL OF THE BELGIC TRIBE OF THE DOBUNNI, NOW REVEALED AT NEARBY BAGENDON. A feature now revealed of this large site, three miles north of Cirencester, is the sequence of massive stone floors over a stone platform, which appears to have been the scene of intensive industry especially connected with iron smelting and working, and the production of bronze.



FIG. 2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AREA OF THE MINT AT THE BAGENDON SITE.

the northern face of the upper floor. Water, essential for iron-working, was brought into the ditches from the spring-line on the north slope by a conduit at the west end. This was a massive masonry structure, with a stone base, stone sides and stone covers. There were lesser water-conduits at the east end. In the iron furnaces was discovered the bellows-hole, well-made and firm.

In this important industry of iron-working there were two processes. For the first an oven or bloomery was used; for the second, a crucible; and evidence of both processes has been found at Bagendon. Analysis of the slags shows clearly that these workers were highly skilled, worthy of the name of ironmasters, and that they produced metal so fine that it almost qualifies as steel. The discoveries include more than 1 cwt. of iron slag, some iron ore, many iron tools, and much scrap iron. The inhabitants also worked in copper, since the excavation revealed metallic copper, copper slag and examples of copper smelted on to iron, an early form of Sheffield plating. Furthermore, they de-silverised lead. But the

most important part of their metal-working was the manufacture of coins, as abundant finds of moulds for coin-flans prove conclusively (Fig. 10). The significance of these objects can hardly be exaggerated, since mints are only found at tribal capitals.

Coins proper were first introduced into this country in the last century B.C., about the time of Julius Caesar's invasion, by a Celtic people from Gaul known as the Belgæ. Among the most primitive early British coins in precious metals (as distinct from the still more primitive tin coins) are small gold pieces ultimately based on the gold staters of Philip of Macedon. On the one side they bear a decorative pattern of dots and dashes, in which it is hard to recognise the Apollo head that was its origin. On the other side of these coins the prancing horses of the original design have degenerated into a series of dots, dashes and crescents. But the small silver coins of the Dobunni, of which about thirty examples have come to light on this site, struck out on different lines. On the one side they show a new treatment of the disintegrating horse; on the other, a gradually degenerating human face, which was perhaps female—that of a Celtic goddess—in origin. It is possible that about a third of the coins found at Bagendon are either forgeries or debased currency, as they consist of copper cores

silver-plated to give them the appearance of real silver coins. Whether this was done officially or not we do not know. All these are the local coins of the Dobunni. But Bagendon has also produced one silver coin (Fig. 9) of another tribe, a coin of Epaticcus, a brother of Cunobelin, whose capital was first at *Verulamium* and then at *Camulodunum*. Bagendon is the most westerly point at which an Epaticcus coin has yet been found, and this particular coin is at present unique, being a new addition to his series. Its types are thoroughly Romanised: one is the seated figure of a winged Victory holding a wreath, the other is a charging boar among trees. On the one side the legend clearly reads *IPAT*, and it must be remembered that at this stage in writing *I* and *E* were almost interchangeable; while *TASCIO* on the other side makes it certain that this is a coin of Epaticcus, whose gold coins are inscribed *TASCI F*—"son of Tasciovanus."

What is probably the actual site of the mint is shown in Fig. 2. Here is a floor on which were found sixty-eight recognisable pieces of coin-moulds, besides a large number of smaller fragments. With them was discovered a small bronze ladle which could have been used for pouring metal into the moulds, while from Site 3A came an earthenware ladle (Fig. 10) that may have served a similar purpose. The raw material for this metal-work must have been imported into Bagendon. The iron ore was probably brought from Dean Forest, the

copper, lead, silver and gold from further afield. Smiths always occupied a peculiarly important place in prehistoric communities, and there is evidence that at Bagendon they lived extraordinarily well. There were unbelievable quantities of bones and teeth of oxen, sheep and pig, while the presence of the bones of deer shows that wild game was available. The inhabitants possessed horses, but do not seem to have used them for food. And although they lived a long way from the coast, their diet included oysters and mussels.

Spindle-whorls and loom-weights show that weaving was carried on at Bagendon, querns for grinding corn (Fig. 13) indicate the practice of agriculture. Grain was stored in huge earthenware jars (Fig. 14), not in pits dug in the ground, as with earlier Iron Age peoples. The hard stone for the querns may have been imported from Dean Forest. A large number of copper brooches and a few iron ones were discovered. Among the former, Mr. M. R. Hull has identified a new type (Figs. 4-7), which is to be called the "Bagendon Brooch." The personal ornaments unearthed are

[Continued opposite.]

FROM A COTSWOLD PRE-ROMAN CAPITAL.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1958

BRONZE, IRON, COINS, FROM BAGENDON.

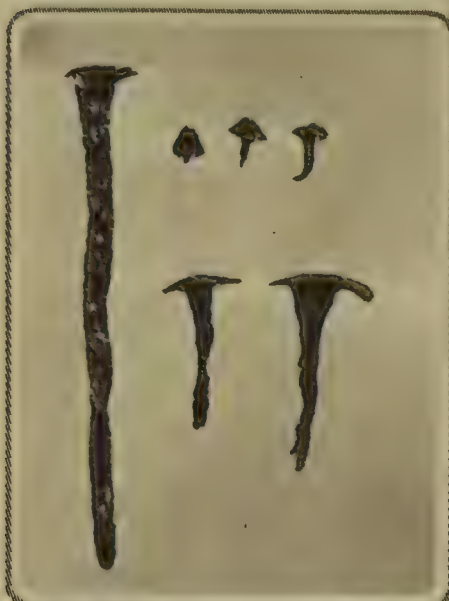
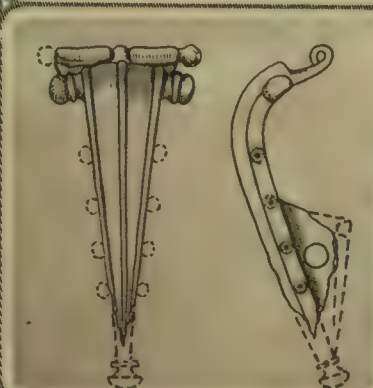


FIG. 3. THREE SMALL SANDAL-
NAILS AND THREE LARGE WOOD-
WORKING NAILS FROM THE
BAGENDON SITE. SANDAL-NAILS
ARE VERY COMMON, AND PRO-
VIDE EVIDENCE OF A STANDARD
OF LIVING.



FIGS. 4-7. A NEW TYPE OF BRONZE BROOCH,
NOW TO BE CALLED THE "BAGENDON BROOCH":
(ABOVE) TWO EXAMPLES OF THE TYPE AS
FOUND, WITH (TO THE LEFT) TWO EXAMPLES
OF THE SAME TYPE DRAWN FULL-FACE AND
IN PROFILE, TO SHOW THE GENERAL PRIN-

CIPLE. THE POPU-
LATION OF THIS
PRE - ROMAN
TOWN SEEM TO
HAVE HAD A HIGH
STANDARD OF
LIVING.

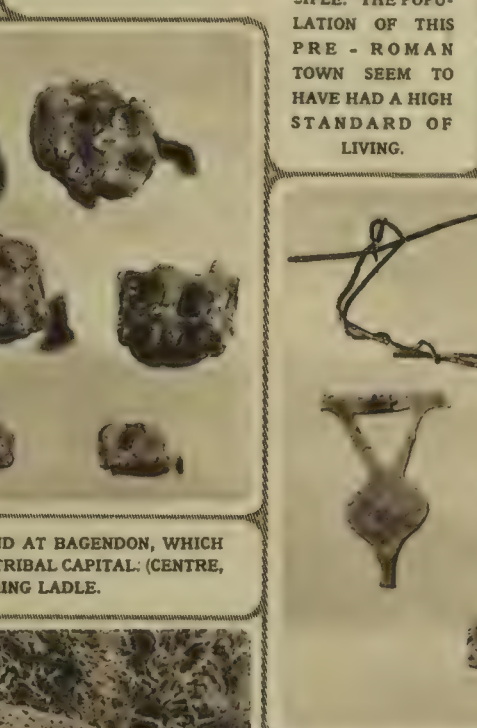


FIG. 8. IRON TOOLS FOUND AT BAGENDON.
THE METAL PRODUCED BY THESE BELGIC
SMITHS IS SO FINE AS ALMOST TO QUALIFY
FOR THE TITLE OF STEEL.



FIG. 9. A UNIQUE SILVER COIN,
FOUND AT BAGENDON, BUT HAIL-
ING FROM CAMULODUNUM AND
A ROMANISED COIN OF EPATIC-
CUS, BROTHER OF CUNOBELIN.
IT SHOWS (ABOVE) A SEATED
VICTORY HOLDING A WREATH,
AND (BELOW) A CHARGING BOAR
AMONG TREES. THE INSCRIPTION
IS EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT.

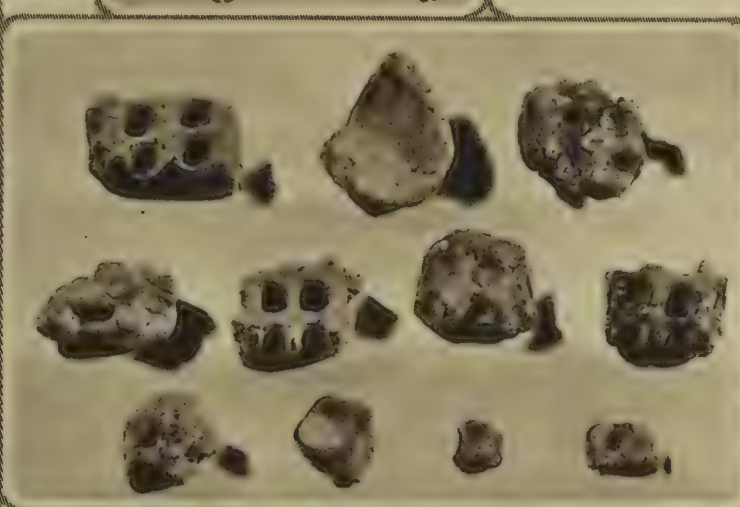


FIG. 10. A FEW OF THE MANY COIN MOULDS FOUND AT BAGENDON, WHICH
ESTABLISH THE PRESENCE OF A MINT AND, SO, OF A TRIBAL CAPITAL: (CENTRE,
TOP ROW) PART OF A POTTERY POURING LADLE.



FIG. 11. BRONZE ORNAMENTS AND A BRONZE BAR; A PRIMITIVE
SAFETY PIN OF WIRE; AND A BRONZE "HORSE-BRASS" OF
FORMAL PATTERN, OF THE MID FIRST CENTURY A.D.



FIG. 12. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A
PREHISTORIC TYPE OF DOOR-KEY,
WHOSE EXISTENCE ARGUES THE
PRESENCE OF A DOOR, COMPLETE
WITH LOCK, IN THE SAME WAY
THAT A POST-HOLE PRESUPPOSES
A WOODEN POST.



FIG. 13. THE LOWER HALF OF A CORN-GRINDING QUERN, MADE FROM
COARSE-GRAINED SANDSTONE FROM THE TRIAS BEDS, AND THEREFORE
IMPORTED FROM ANOTHER LOCALITY.

Continued.
beads, finger-rings, and bracelets, one of which was made of thin gold wire. There are also harness ornaments (Fig. 11). That the people wore sandals is proved by the sandal-nails (Fig. 3) found on every floor. Imports from abroad include fine glass from Egypt or Syria and much fine pottery-ware, such as red Arretine from central Italy, red "Samian" from southern Gaul, and Terra Rubra and Terra Nigra platters and "Butt Beakers" from continental Belgic areas. Some pieces are stamped with the maker's name; and some examples of these fine wares had been riveted, after having been broken, with rivets shown by analysis to have been made of tin. A number of the Bagendon pots were made in southern Britain; but very little local native ware came to light. Other finds are fragments of a mirror and a touchstone, made of Lydite, used for testing alloys of metal. It is unlikely that the occupation of Bagendon as an Early Iron Age site began before A.D. 10. It probably continued until the Roman conquest in A.D. 43. So far as we can judge from the evidence as yet obtained from the small excavated portion of this very large site, the place was simply abandoned. There are no signs of slaughter in battle, no traces of destruction by fire; and there is no indication that this part of the site, at any rate, was ever re-occupied at a later period. The place, as the excavation uncovered it, was just in the state in which the Early Iron Age people left it; and the soil washed down from the higher ground to the north had so completely enveloped the area that the very existence of all this wealth and industry was wholly unsuspected until the present investigations began. Perhaps future research on another part of the site will disclose to us more precisely the nature of the end of Bagendon.



FIG. 14. A LARGE GREY EARTHENWARE JAR USED FOR STORING
GRAIN. A SIGN OF ADVANCE, SINCE EARLIER IRON AGE PEOPLES
STORED THEIR GRAIN IN PITS DUG IN THE GROUND.



AN ORDER ENFORCED BY THE SNOW: A HALT SIGN JUTTING OUT OF A DEEP DRIFT ON A SNOW-BOUND ROAD IN EAST KENT ON JANUARY 22.



ON THE DOVER TO FOLKESTONE ROAD: LORRIES, VANS AND CARS UNABLE TO TACKLE A HILL ON WHAT WAS ONE OF THE WORST-HIT MAIN ROADS.



THIS WAY TO CHISLET, BUT THERE WAS NOT MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING THERE: DEEP DRIFTS AT A ROAD JUNCTION NEAR CANTERBURY.

Widespread snowfalls and exceptionally cold temperatures began throughout the British Isles on January 20 and rapidly brought to an end what had previously been a mild winter in most regions. Further snow and heavy frost on January 21 brought "appalling" road conditions, and not one county remained completely free from snow or ice. In some places in the north the air temperatures fell to below 10 degs. In the south the worst-hit area was East Kent, where the photographs on this page were taken on January 22. In the Dover and Folkestone area between 15 and 18 ins. of snow

WINTER ARRIVES WITH A VENGEANCE: EXCEPTIONAL SNOWFALLS IN EAST KENT.



NEAR THE UNITED STATES AIR BASE AT MANSTON: A SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK WITH AN UNINTERRUPTED EXpanse OF SNOW ALL AROUND IT.



AT ST. NICHOLAS ROUNDABOUT, NEAR BIRCHINGTON, ON THE MARGATE ROAD: AN A.A. PATROLMAN CLEARING THE SNOW FROM THE ROAD SIGNS.

had fallen, and in many places there were drifts several feet deep. A number of towns and villages were completely cut off for several hours, and the Kent County Council authorities used 130 snow-ploughs to clear as many roads as possible. In spite of the bad road conditions eighty-three of the eighty-five competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally who started from Glasgow early on January 22 reached Dover late that evening within the time limit. All the drivers agreed that they met the worst conditions on the road between London and Dover. Conditions again worsened after fresh snowfalls on January 23.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 11A. AUSTRALIA'S GREAT BARRIER REEF—A TYPICAL SCENE.

At first sight the scene shown here does not differ to any extent from a seashore view in the tropics in almost any part of the world. There are the usual sea birds, the turtle coming in to lay her eggs, and the various marine shells and crabs. The vegetation is mangrove, but the foundations of the "ground" beneath consist mainly of coral and coral rocks. Coral reefs may be of three kinds: first, there is the fringing reef just offshore, separated from the coast by a narrow, shallow lagoon. Secondly, there is the atoll or ring of growing coral crowned with palm trees which has, in the middle, a lagoon 50 to 70 fathoms deep. And finally, there is the barrier reef. The most famous of this third type is the Great Barrier Reef, off the north-eastern coast of Australia, which is 1000 miles long. It lies at a greater distance from the coast than the usual barrier reef and

is often several miles wide. The coral reef is not continuous, for there are innumerable channels through it, as well as shallow lagoons and occasionally much wider passages which are navigable by large steamers. Following his classical voyage in the *Beagle*, Darwin put forward the theory that the formation of barrier reefs and atolls was explainable largely on the assumption that they occur where the land is slowly subsiding. He noticed that corals can only live in shallow water and he concluded, therefore, that over the whole extent of the Coral Seas the sea-floor and the projecting land had been slowly sinking for millions of years. Within this theory a barrier reef would be formed by the slow subsidence of the coast while the coral reef continued to grow upwards and outwards. Other aspects of the Great Barrier Reef are shown overleaf.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 11B. AUSTRALIA'S GREAT BARRIER REEF—THE FAUNA AND CORAL FORMATION OF A REMARKABLE NATURAL PHENOMENON.

The thousand-mile-long Great Barrier Reef of Australia lies to the north-east of Queensland, where the coast is bathed by the warm Notonectian current flowing southwards. Professor W. Stephenson, of the University of Queensland, has recently described it as "the only considerable area of the globe visible to the human eye which is dominated by animals rather than plants." In this drawing our artist shows the corals exposed at low water, together with typical marine animals inhabiting the reef. The sharks, dugongs, turtles, as well as the other more familiar marine animals, clearly show the coral reef to be situated in the warm waters. The reef-forming corals which provide shelter and a feeding-ground for a large variety of marine animals are related to sea-anemones. They differ from these in two ways: in that they form colonies of polyps and that they lay down a dense skeleton of limestone.

The limestone is laid down between the individual polyps and also in the partitions which subdivide the body of each polyp. The coral skeletons thereby exhibit on their surface patterns which are both beautiful and intricate. The reef-forming corals not only live in waters of fairly high temperatures, but they flourish better in shallow waters than in deep water. One reason for this is that light is essential to them because of the minute plants living in the coral tissues. The plant and the coral polyp live in a state of mutual benefit, the plant supplying oxygen to the polyps and removing the carbon dioxide from their tissues. The plant benefits by having a place in which to live and by the protection afforded by the coral tissues. The reef corals are of many different kinds and range from the huge brainstone coral to the branching staghorn coral or from the massive nigger-head to the flattened plate coral.

Some species of coral flourish better at moderate depths and these grow up into the shallows. As the reef they form reaches the shallower waters some species become more abundant and some less common. As a consequence, some of the species serve to form the foundations of a reef while others build its surface. Many corals can live just above the level of the low water where they are exposed for no more than one to two hours every two weeks. Others can survive in rock pools where the exposure is more frequent and for longer periods at a time. But none can live above the level of the low water of neap tides where they would be exposed daily. Waves generated under cyclone conditions will lift huge masses of living coral from the shallow water and cast them up above the low-water mark. These constitute the boulders of coral rock which are strewn along the crests of the barrier reef. The tree-like branching

masses are broken up in storms and the debris thrown up to form coral stick shingle beaches. Once there is an accumulation of such material, gritty sand may amass among it, and on such a sandbank trees and other vegetation become established and in the end coral cay are built up and mangrove swamps. So far coral reefs have been discussed as if the only process involved was a building-up process; but the reverse is also taking place. In fact, at least one of the famous tourist resorts on the islands of which the Great Barrier Reef of Australia is formed is on a coral cay and this cay is growing smaller. As Professor Stephenson puts it, "It may disappear in a period which would be negligible on a geological time scale"—a masterpiece of understatement. It may be short in geological time but it is probably a long time (say 1000 to 10,000 years) in terms of human history.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



particular object in view. It was just the idle whim of an idle gardener in an idle moment. However, if the almonds should happen to germinate, I will retain one, and eventually plant it out somewhere in the garden, for an almond-tree



A TARGET FOR THE OPTIMISTIC CHRISTMAS PIP-PLANTER TO AIM AT: THE JAFFA ORANGE IN FRUIT AND FLOWER.

is quite a pleasant thing to have about the place, especially when it reaches the stage of covering itself with a rosy cloud of blossom in early spring. In addition, a crop of home-grown almonds is well worth having. And the pips from the raisins? Well, a grape-vine, whether it produces a crop of grapes, and ripens them, or not, is one of the most beautiful of all climbers one can grow, and in my garden there are plenty of old stone walls on which a seedling raisin vine could eventually disport itself.

Ever since early childhood I have enjoyed the odd hobby of sowing odd seeds of odd trees and shrubs. It started when I was about five years old. In our garden at that time there lived, in a 12-in. flowerpot, a seedling oak-tree a couple of feet tall. For years it stood about among a miscellaneous lot of other plants-in-pots near the tomato house, waiting, no doubt, to be "dealt with." My mother had raised it from an acorn, and it was known in the family as "Mother's Little Oak." I loved it dearly. What happened to it eventually I never discovered. It was there for some years, and then one realised that it was no longer there. Our wicked, clever gardener (clever with chrysanthemums) had a subtle way with plants which he could not take to the Westminster Aquarium or the Crystal Palace to win him prize money. I would not say that he actually killed them. They just became dead, or no longer went on living.

Anyway, I feel sure that it was Mother's Little Oak which first infected me with the idea—which became a life-long hobby—the sowing in pots of odd seeds of trees and shrubs. In my garden to-day there are several mature, interesting and satisfactory results from such sowings, and when I migrated from Stevenage to the Cotswolds ten years ago, I had to leave behind many others which were too large and deeply established to bring with me.

My recent sowing of Christmas dinner-table fare—the almonds and raisins—has set me thinking that other amusing sowings might be made next year, or, rather, next December 25, from the Christmas dinner-table, either my own or other people's, and off-hand I have made a list of some of the more obvious and familiar seeds which might be collected for experiment. I recommend a twelve-month game of what might be called Christmas Family Pip-planting, especially where there are children in the family, and where there is a general family interest in plants and gardening.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHRISTMAS PIP-PLANTING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The list which I have made of possible pips and seeds is a long one—more than a dozen different items. I suggest that perhaps only a selection from this list should be sown, and that one, or at most two, of each of the seedling plants which come up be grown on in pots, for the great interest of seeing how well the young plants have grown and developed by Christmas a year later.

So now let me offer a few brief suggestions for the sowing, and for the after-care of the seedlings when they have germinated. Let us, then, start with the traditional sprig of holly on the Christmas pudding. Strip the berries from the sprig, rub away the mealy pulp surrounding the hard stones or seeds, and sow about a dozen of these, half an inch deep, in a 5- or 6-in. pot, and keep the pot on a window-sill in the house. Sow more holly seeds if you are likely to have some use for young holly bushes later. The almonds and raisins I have already dealt with, but I suggest that kernels taken from almonds in their shells are likely to do better than ready-shelled kernels. Then there are Barcelona nuts. They might

be sown whole, in their shells, though, personally, I would crack the nuts, and sow the kernels, half a dozen or so, and again in a 5- or 6-in. pot. I would not suggest sowing walnuts, as most of those that are in the shops at Christmas have, I believe, been "kilned" to make them keep, and so would not germinate. But a few sweet or Spanish chestnuts would be fine, for they are easy to raise, and make jolly little permanent pot trees. Or there might be room for one planted out later in the garden. Date stones are old favourites for sowing and growing just for the fun and the interest of the experiment. They come up very readily, first with one stiff grass-like leaf, but after that they seem to take a long time to develop their true palm-like leaves. But do not be discouraged. Have patience. Sow a few date stones in a 6-in. pot, reduce their number to one later, and then let it live each winter on a window-sill indoors. It can spend its summers standing about outside in the garden. A young date plant is no trouble. Always as good as gold, though dilatory in the matter of growing up.

Then what about fig seeds? I have never heard of the seeds of dried figs being sown and raised in this country, which would make the experiment all the more interesting, and I see no reason why the seeds of the dried figs we eat should not germinate, for the fruits have only been sun-dried. What could be done with a young fig-tree raised in this way? I am not very sure. It might be planted out in the garden in some sunny spot, preferably at the foot of a south wall, or it could be grown on in a pot. Figs grown in pots are capable of fruiting extremely well. In any case, it should be remembered that fig trees are very fond of lime in the soil. Chalk or old mortar rubble is excellent for this purpose. Apple and/or pear pips should certainly be sown, and a seedling of either or each planted out in the garden after its, or their, first Christmas anniversary birthday. Such seedlings may not eventually produce apples or pears as good as their parents. On the other hand, they may. As with children, you never know. The same applies to plums, peaches and apricots. These fruits often find their way to the Christmas dinner-table, having taken the trouble to travel all the way from the Cape. So give them a chance. Then there is the citrus family—oranges, tangerines and grapefruits. These are very easy to raise from pips, and they make very jolly little pot trees, which may be stood out in the open all summer, and must be housed somewhere indoors during the winter. Unfortunately they usually take a terribly long time to reach flowering and fruiting age and size. Some years ago I read that a grapefruit plant raised from a pip will flower within a year of germinating. I tried the experiment, and to my astonishment the little plant did produce

one solitary blossom when it was only 5 or 6 ins. high. It is now seven or eight years old, a neat, 3-ft. bush in a pot of appropriate size. But to this day it has never produced another flower. It spends its winters in a shed, and then in spring is carried out to stand on the iron lid of a drainage inspection chamber which disfigures a small lawn near the house, and in spite of its barren career I like it greatly. Perhaps a seedling tangerine would become fruitful at a more tender age.

Meanwhile, do not wait until next Christmas to start pip-planting operations. If you consider yourself too mature and unchildish to start upon such a career, at any rate you can put your offspring—if any—on to this good thing. One last hint. Sow your pips and seeds in 5- or 6-in. pots. Smaller pots are apt to dry out very quickly. They may be stood in saucers (not being house-trained) on a sunny window-sill, and cultivated there for the first year.



A PLEASING BY-PRODUCT, NOT OF THE DINNER-TABLE, BUT OF THE MAKING OF MARMALADE: A FRUITING AND FLOWERING LITTLE POT PLANT OF THE SEVILLE ORANGE, CITRUS BIGARADIA.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

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THE FIRST BIRTHDAY OF MONACO'S HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE: H.S.H. PRINCESS CAROLINE.



ON THE EVE OF HER FIRST BIRTHDAY: HER SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCESS CAROLINE OF MONACO WITH HER MOTHER, PRINCESS GRACE.



IN THE NURSERY OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN MONACO: ONE-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS CAROLINE HAPPILY OCCUPIED WITH HER TOYS.



SEATED AT HER MINIATURE PIANO IN THE NURSERY: LITTLE PRINCESS CAROLINE, WHO CELEBRATED HER FIRST BIRTHDAY ON JANUARY 23—A DELIGHTFUL STUDY OF THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE MONACO THRONE.

On January 23 Her Serene Highness Princess Caroline, the heir-presumptive to the Monegasque throne, celebrated her first birthday. An official palace communiqué said: "Princess Caroline now has six teeth. She weighs 10.3 kilograms (nearly 23 lb.). She is a gay, superb child who loves to enjoy herself and is very sociable." The photographs shown on this page were taken, shortly before the little Princess' first birthday, in her nursery in the Royal Palace in Monaco. On March 3 last year Princess Caroline

Louise Marguerite, the first child of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, was christened amid great pomp in Monaco Cathedral. Her birth was the occasion of special rejoicing, for if her father, Prince Rainier, should have died without a successor, Monaco would have been absorbed into the French State under the terms of a treaty signed in 1919. Princess Grace, formerly Miss Grace Kelly, the American film actress, is expecting another baby in March. If the baby is a boy, he will be heir-apparent to the throne of Monaco.



A GRAND PIANO IN PASTILLAGE WITH PETIT FOURS INSIDE: AN ENTRY IN THE OPEN JUNIOR COMPETITION IN SUGAR WORK WHICH WON A CERTIFICATE OF MERIT FOR APPRENTICE LANCE-CORPORAL CHAPMAN OF THE ARMY CATERING CORPS.

COOKING AS A FINE ART: THE HOTEL AND CATERING EXHIBITION.



AWARDED A CERTIFICATE OF MERIT IN CLASS 18 OF THE SENIOR SALON CULINAIRE AT THE HOTEL AND CATERING EXHIBITION: A PAIR OF SWANS IN MERINGUE MADE BY MISS PAMELA WATERFIELD, OF BURTON.



BASED ON THE TEMPLE IN RAPHAEL'S PAINTING *LO SPOSALIZIO*: A MODEL IN CHOCOLATE WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL FOR H. CHAUXAUX, OF LONDON.



ABLE TO ROAST AS MANY AS SIXTY CHICKENS AT ONE TIME: A BEEREX ELECTRIC SPIT—WHICH IS MANUFACTURED IN SWITZERLAND.



WATCHING A B.E.A. SENIOR CHEF AND FLIGHT STEWARDESS DISCUSSING THE MEAL FOR THE MOSCOW FLIGHT: VISITORS TO THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S STAND.

Some 250 trade exhibitors, numerous competition stands and a comprehensive programme of demonstrations provided great variety at the International Hotel and Catering Exhibition, which was to be seen in the National and Empire Halls at Olympia from January 22 to 31. The Rt. Hon. Ernest Marples, the Postmaster-General, opened the exhibition at the inaugural luncheon. Many masterpieces of culinary art were entered for the wide range of



AS USED IN MANY AIRLINERS: TWO ROWENTA COFFEE MACHINES, THE SURPLUS STEAM FROM WHICH IS USED TO HEAT MEALS.

competitions organised by *Le Salon Culinaire International de Londres 1958*, and made a brilliant display on the first floor of the Empire Hall. In the large Demonstration Theatre in the National Hall there was an interesting daily programme of displays given by students in Cookery, Waiting, Reception and Bar Service, while in the Nylon Theatre there were daily parades to illustrate the many uses for nylon in the catering industry.

A SERIOUS LONDON FIRE: SCENES AT SMITHFIELD POULTRY MARKET.



SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRE BROKE THROUGH INTO THE UPPER PART OF SMITHFIELD POULTRY MARKET: THE FLAMES ATTACK ONE OF THE TOWERS.



THE TOWER SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT AFTER THE DOME HAD COLLAPSED INTO THE FLAMES.



STILL BURNING TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRE STARTED: THE DEVASTATED POULTRY MARKET AT SMITHFIELD.



TO SAFEGUARD FIREMEN IN THE SCORCHING, FUME-LADEN UNDERGROUND PASSAGES WHERE TWO DIED: A TIME CHECK IS KEPT ON A BLACKBOARD.



LONDON'S WORST UNDERGROUND FIRE: A LARGE FLEET OF FIRE ENGINES LINED UP NEAR SMITHFIELD POULTRY MARKET.

SMITHFIELD POULTRY MARKET was gutted by the fire which broke out in the storage cellars early on January 23. Working in great heat and thick smoke, firemen fought to control the fire below ground-level, but finally, early the following day, part of the floor fell in and the fire then roared up through the market. The dome of a tower at one corner of the building collapsed, to be followed shortly by one of the other towers. In the battle against the underground fire, two firemen lost their lives and a number were injured, some being taken to hospital. An effort to flood the labyrinth of underground passages, where some 700 tons of poultry were stored, was unsuccessful because the water flowed away through the efficient drainage system as fast as it was pumped in. The fire extended at one time over nearly the whole cellar area of 2½ acres, and was described as the worst underground fire ever tackled by the London Fire Brigade and one of London's worst fires since the war. Three other big fires occurred in London soon after the outbreak at Smithfield Market, the cause of which was unknown on going to press.



EXERCISING the most severe self-restraint, I went a second time to the Age of Louis XIV Exhibition at the Royal Academy and deliberately kept away from the paintings by Georges de la Tour, which, to my mind, are liable to make the majority of their neighbours appear rather trivial. And what a poster his "New-born Child," with its glowing colour, simplicity of drawing and tender sentiment, has made!—bringing a grave splendour



FIG. 1. SEEN AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A PORTION OF ONE OF THE FOUR HISTOIRE DU ROI TAPESTRIES IN THE CENTRAL HALL AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: "LOUIS XIV," AN IMPRESSIVE PLASTER BUST ATTRIBUTED TO ANTOINE COYSEVOX (1640-1720). (Height, 49½ ins.) (Château de Chambord, Loir-et-Cher.)

to the ingeniously slick tradition of London's Underground advertisements.

Instead, I turned my back upon this painter and other great ones—men who could touch the heart—and stood in the Central Hall, considering Louis himself as interpreted by Antoine Coysevox (Fig. 1) and marvelling at the courtly beauty of the four great Gobelins tapestries on the walls. These last are marvels in silk, wool and gold, four out of the set of fourteen known as the *Histoire du Roi*, depicting various events in the monarch's life, based on designs by Le Brun, with landscapes by Van der Meulen; I repeat marvels, both of design and particularly of workmanship, for they were made soon after the establishment of the Gobelins Manufactory in 1662, when the first superintendent, Le Brun, was given a free hand to choose his team and arrange his contracts, as "a person skilful and intelligent in the art of painting to compose the designs for tapestry, sculpture and other works, to see that they were correctly executed and to direct and generally supervise all the workmen who should be employed in the manufactories." What a truly magnificent appointment for a talented painter, then forty-three, who happened also to be a first-rate organiser! Nor was this all—in addition to his work at the Gobelins and reforming the Academy, he was responsible for the decoration of Versailles and of the other châteaux; in short, he became the Great Panjandrum of his age, at once the Arbiter of Taste and the sensitive instrument by which the ideas of other men were

guided towards the glorification of the régime. Given the circumstances of the time, the King and his minister Colbert could have found no more competent person. The result—a series of superb schemes—of which these and other tapestries are but a part—gay and rhetorical and grandiose. We are not moved by Charles Le Brun, though his painting is competent enough; we are charmed, captivated and dazzled by his tapestry designs, because tapestry in his hands is, before all else, a sumptuous art, inseparable from the idea of magnificence.

At the same time these four huge panels—mainly pink and gold—are remarkable for their documentary interest. They are a sort of French National Portrait Gallery in silk, covering the years from 1660 to about 1690 (when Le Brun died), containing, as they do, so many careful portraits of well-known personages and summing up with singular felicity the brightest years of the reign before disaster dimmed its splendour. The portraits, if not inspired, are convincing enough—those of Louis himself and Maria Theresa, for example, at their marriage on June 9, 1660—and the King and other persons of the Court in the no less decorative tapestry commemorating the Audience of the Papal Legate of June 29, 1664. Perhaps, too, it is worth remembering that tapestries were—and had long been—a favourite gift from potentate to potentate, and that our James II found a way of expressing his thanks for French hospitality at St. Germain-en-Laye after his hasty departure from England by presenting Louis with a set of Mortlake tapestries which are still the property of the French State.

There must be fifteen to twenty tapestries all told in the exhibition, most of them from the Gobelins, of classical myths, and six from the Beauvais workshop, designed by Jean Berain. These are perhaps not so noticeable because a trifle less flamboyant, but must not be missed, as they hark back to an earlier tradition of arabesques and grotesques which, though highly artificial, is surprisingly dignified. Berain was also responsible for many of the similar marquetry designs in pewter and brass on ebony grounds on cupboards and commodes made by Boulle—another reason why I regret it was not found possible to show a few pieces of furniture in addition to tapestries, paintings and sculptures.

Among these sculptures a sensitive tomb marble commemorating Georges Joly, President of the Parlement de Bourgogne, by Jean Dubois, is wonderfully impressive in the middle of Gallery III (Fig. 2). Perhaps it owes a lot to its position, with plenty of space all around it, but even so, I imagine that most visitors will see in it a high seriousness not to be found in the merely courtly competence of people like Coysevox, confirming them in the view I ventured to put forward when writing about the paintings a fortnight ago—that the very best work of the age was done away from the Court. You find, when you look up Jean Dubois (1626-1694), that except for one brief visit to Paris, he spent all his life

at Dijon. There is another thing by this provincial sculptor which I thought more than ordinarily fine—a little terracotta of Fame in the Lecture Room, belonging to the Dijon Museum, to which it was sold by Dubois' descendants in 1828. This, it appears, is the *maquette* or model for the high relief in wood which decorates a fireplace in a part of the Palais du Roi et des Etats de Bourgogne in which the sculptor was responsible for much of the decoration. (Note for the future—go to Dijon some day and see this and other things by him.)

Thank goodness that on this occasion, instead of the thousand or more items which normally fill the rooms, there are fewer than 400. I say this, not because I want the Academy and its generous friends in all countries to grow weary in well-doing in the future, but because 400 fine things well spaced out are less difficult to assimilate than a thousand and a half.

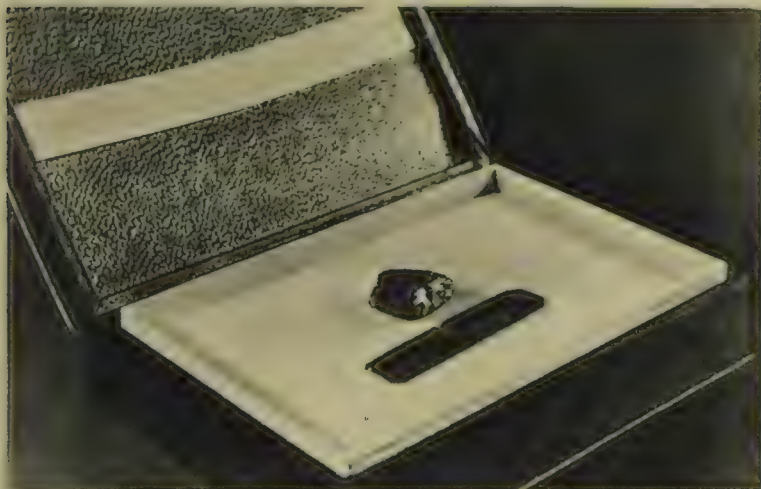
Amid all these splendours—some of enormous size—it is not difficult to overlook the drawings. Among them you can spend any amount of time, and will inevitably be fascinated by several Claudes: a severely classical landscape, for example, lent by the Museum at Marseilles, at once tender and majestic, which perhaps young painters should pass by hastily lest it reduce them to despair, and a much looser study of bare branches lent by Besançon which some critics refuse to credit to Claude on the ground "that the spatial intervals are not quite clearly defined";



FIG. 2. ONE OF THREE PIECES IN THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION BY JEAN DUBOIS (1626-94), WHO SPENT ALL HIS LIFE AT DIJON: A MARBLE TOMB STATUE OF GEORGES JOLY, BARON DE BLAISY, WITH A PORTION OF A MYTHOLOGICAL GOBELINS TAPESTRY IN THE BACKGROUND. (Height, 52 ins.) (Musée de Dijon.)

it seems to me a most noble drawing. Are we really to believe that so great a man never strayed from a well-defined groove? But if these decidedly specialist problems are not to your taste, there is no lack of other drawings over which no argument is possible—nor are they all by any means over-serious. There is one by the sculptor Pierre Puget, which can be described as thoroughly jolly. Puget was directing the carving workshops of the Toulon Arsenal from 1667 till 1679, and here he is in the foreground present at the testing of a large cannon. Meanwhile, the exhibition remains as a remarkable evocation of both the courtly and the serious art of the very long reign (1643-1715).

A LARGE RUSSIAN DIAMOND FIND: GEMS FROM THE YAKUTIA FIELDS.



FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED AND DEVELOPED DIAMOND DEPOSITS IN SIBERIA: AN INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND OF FIFTY-FOUR CARATS.



SORTING THE DIAMONDS FROM THE NEWLY-DEVELOPED MIR DIAMOND BED IN YAKUTIA: WORKERS IN THE NYURBA DIAMOND LABORATORY, WITH THE SENIOR SCIENTIST, RIGHT.



DIAMONDS, ALL DIAMONDS! A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRODUCT OF THE MIR DIAMOND BED DURING THE SUMMER OF 1957.



USING SPECIAL TONGS TO PICK OUT THE OCTAHEDRON DIAMOND CRYSTALS, FROM AMONG FRAGMENTS OF CONCENTRATE IN THE LABORATORY.



A GROUP OF FINE DIAMOND CRYSTALS OF THE CLASSIC OCTAHEDRON SHAPE, AS FOUND IN THE MIR DIAMOND BED. NO INDICATION IS GIVEN OF THEIR SIZE.

Russia has always been in great need of industrial diamonds and has, since the war especially, been one of the best markets for smuggled diamonds from irregular sources. Much prospecting has been undertaken, especially in Siberia; and from reports received from Russia since last autumn, it would appear that these efforts have been crowned with success in the Yakutia district of North-East Siberia. Placer deposits were first found; a natural bed now called Zarnitza was discovered in 1954; and this discovery has been

followed recently by the finding of other beds, of which one is called Mir and another Dachnaya. It is claimed that these beds are richer than the African diamond fields and capable of making Russia independent of world supplies. The diamonds illustrated here (claimed as superior to African diamonds) would seem to come from river gravels, but there is reference in some reports to Kimberlite and this might perhaps indicate the finding of "blue ground pipes" in the South African style.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BIRDS, A CAMERA AND THE FAR EAST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

DURING the past twelve months we have dealt on this page with what can only be described as a vexed question—namely, whether the woodcock will carry its young on its back. The discussion was touched off by a drawing in one of the first series of Nature's Wonderland, in which the woodcock was shown doing precisely this. There followed letters from a few readers protesting that this was a myth, that while the woodcock had been observed on a number of occasions to fly off with

cope with Junior's encircling moves, trod clumsily on him. Junior squeaked a protest, but still took no notice of the breast feathers fluffed out to receive him. This game of catch-me-if-you-can went on for fifteen minutes or so, with parental anxiety gradually reaching fever-pitch. Suddenly there came from the thick forest of reed-stalks a warning trill from the second parent.

familiar to those who read this paper, and if they expect this new collection to be of a high standard they will not be disappointed. Added to this, the pictures portray the birds living in areas of the world that have been little exploited photographically. The book begins with a foreword by the Right Hon. Malcolm MacDonald. This is followed by the author's own introduction, giving his adventures as a man and an ornithologist-photographer, and a few pages on the details of the techniques he has used. In the remaining five-sixths of the book we have black-and-white photographic plates of the birds of India, New Guinea and Malaya.

In these days, when bird-photography has reached such a high standard, comparisons are not easy, but perhaps the outstanding feature of Mr. Loke's photographs is that while most of them are of birds at the nest, the only place where one can be sure they will stay put, each contrives to be an action-picture. Several of them are the first to be taken of their particular subject. Together with the notes accompanying each photograph, they constitute a record of the natural history of selected birds living in the Far East. Not all the notes have the drama of the one I have quoted at the beginning of this article, but all are informative and are based upon first-hand observation. Mr. Loke is to be congratulated, therefore, not only on the excellence of his pictures but on having made a real contribution to knowledge.

Perhaps I may be permitted to end with a quotation, which is not only amusing but has a moral. Accompanying a magnificent photograph of a golden oriole at the nest, we have, among other information, the following: "The nest (of



"THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF... A RARE AND LITTLE-KNOWN INHABITANT OF THE FORESTS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN NEW GUINEA": *ACANTHIZA MURINA*, AN ACTIVE LITTLE WARBLER.

a chick held between the legs or the thighs, there was no authentic record of the chick being carried on the back. Soon after this, a reader living in Wales wrote to me saying that somebody living in his neighbourhood had described seeing a swan swim away with its cygnets on its back. He had submitted this story to an ornithologist who declared that he had been the victim of a tall story, and that although it was often said that a swan would do this, there was no reason to suppose these accounts to be true. I have never myself seen either a woodcock or a swan carrying its youngsters in this manner, so am unable to support or refute the stories from first-hand evidence. But I did point out at the time that there was sufficient collateral evidence to make such claims not improbable. It is of interest, therefore, to quote the following detailed account from Mr. Loke Wan Tho.

He had spent unsuccessful days trying to photograph birds in a *mullah* not far from the lower reaches of the Sind River. Then he changed his scene of operations to Anchar Lake, north of Srinagar. Here, among the dense beds of tall reeds, after many fruitless hours, his patience was beginning to give out when a *shikari* picked up a dabchick egg and found it was cracked, and the chick about to emerge. Going back into the hide, they waited and waited, until finally, as the evening drew on and the sun, steadily moving westwards, cast long shadows on the base of the reeds, the crack in the egg suddenly widened perceptibly. The chick inside cheeped loudly, and for the first time the watchers saw the head of a parent bird appear through the reeds. Then, "with a mighty heave the young chick broke free from its prison-shell and appeared in all the glory of its striped coat. The adult again appeared, and this time throwing caution to the winds, flopped clumsily like a seal out of the water on to the nest. There was no sign of the second parent bird.

"The adult tried hard to incubate the newborn young and the remaining three unhatched eggs. The chick, however, was too lusty a youngster, even at his age (but a minute or two old!) to submit thus to parental authority; instead he clambered from side to side inspecting every corner of the nest, once or twice nearly falling into the water. The parent bird persisted in its attempts to incubate, but being totally unable to

adult bird, he then proceeded to clamber up its back and once he was safely ensconced the parent bird got up on its feet, folded its wings into place and quietly and rapidly slid into the water. In an instant they were gone, not to be seen again."

Even if Mr. Loke were not known as an experienced ornithologist, such a detailed description could not fail to carry conviction. If a dabchick can carry out such a manoeuvre, there is no reason to suppose that other birds are incapable of doing as much. What makes this account the more valuable is that it shows how close a watch must be kept in order to observe certain details of animal or bird behaviour. It also shows how quickly the event can take place. Observations of a dabchick parent taking its chick for a ride must depend upon the lucky accident. In this instance, it was the result of patient hours of waiting, keen observation and luck. In other instances it could be the keen observation with a great deal more luck, the luck of happening to be in the right place at precisely the right moment. I see no reason to doubt the story given by my correspondent from Wales, merely because his informant was less of a master of descriptive narrative than Mr. Loke. Nor need we, for similar reasons, doubt the word of those who positively assert that they have seen woodcock do something like this.

It is perhaps a trifle unfair to have seized upon this one story when the purpose was, in fact, to introduce a book on birds, but since this observation is so significant, the act may perhaps be justified.

There have been a number of books on birds published in recent years, outstripping those on any other natural history subject, and these books include a fair proportion which are largely devoted to photographs. We have yet another to record, *A Company of Birds*, by Loke Wan Tho (Michael Joseph; 42s.).* Mr. Loke's photographs are already

* Illustrations from the book "A Company of Birds," by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.



BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH IN EXISTENCE OF A BIRD OF PARADISE AT ITS NEST: *CNEMOPHILUS MACGREGORII SANGUINEUS* PHOTOGRAPHED IN NEW GUINEA ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1952. THIS BIRD WAS SO TAME THAT IT FREQUENTLY USED MR. LOKE'S HIDE AS A PERCH!

the golden oriole) is a deep cup, woven of grass and fibres, and securely anchored, hammock-fashion, to a fork on the slender end of a branch. The deep cup is so constructed that the eggs remain safe even in a high wind. On one occasion, however, a *shikari* who had pulled down such a branch to allow me to photograph the nest carelessly let it slip out of his hand, and the branch, springing back into place, acted like a catapult and tossed the eggs high into the air. 'Never mind,' said the Kashmiri, when I remonstrated with him, 'there are others,' and he slipped into the woods, soon bringing back a couple of eggs in his hand. These were put into the empty nest, and in due course the young hatched out and were successfully reared to maturity."

PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK:



DR. P. C. THONEMANN.



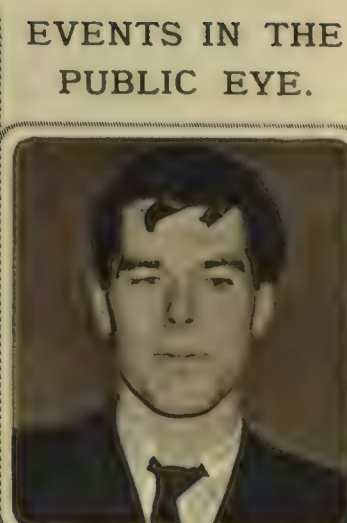
MR. D. W. FRY.



MR. R. CARRUTHERS.



DR. W. B. THOMPSON.



MR. R. S. PEASE.

The work on Zeta, described elsewhere in this issue, has been done in the General Physics Division at Harwell, which is under the direction of Mr. D. W. Fry. The group responsible for the work has been led by Dr. P. C. Thonemann. Other scientists who have been

concerned with the work on Zeta are Mr. R. Carruthers, Mr. R. S. Pease and Dr. W. B. Thompson, together with Mr. J. T. D. Mitchell, of the Engineering Division. Among construction contractors were Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd., and Telcon Ltd.

EVENTS IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.



(Left.)
A NEW CRICKET
RECORD: HANIF
MOHAMMED.

Hanif Mohammed, the twenty-four-year-old Pakistan batsman, broke the world record for a marathon innings when he batted for 16 hrs. 13 mins. in the First Test against the West Indies at Bridgetown, Barbados (Jan. 20-23). He exceeded Hutton's record by about 3 hours but failed to beat his record of 364 runs, scoring a total of 337.

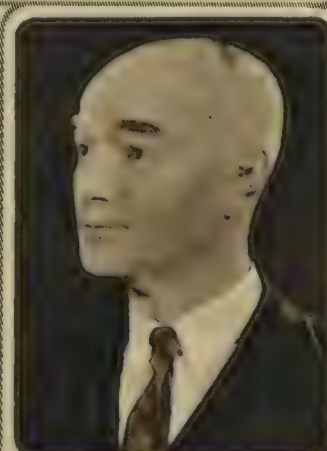


TAKING AN OATH OF LOYALTY TO THE NORWEGIAN CONSTITUTION :
KING OLAV AT A CEREMONY IN OSLO.

In a ceremony in Oslo on January 20 King Olav took an oath of loyalty to the Constitution when he opened the 102nd session of Parliament. King Olav succeeded his father, King Haakon, who died on September 21 last year. King Olav took the oath standing before the throne, above which was spread a canopy embroidered with gold, formally opening the new session of the Norwegian Parliament afterwards.

(Right.)
WORK RELATED TO
ZETA: DOCTOR T. E.
ALLIBONE.

Dr. T. E. Allibone, with the advice of Sir George Thomson, has directed the group at Associated Electrical Industries Ltd., Aldermaston, whose work culminated in a device looking like a baby edition of Zeta. Temperatures of 4,000,000 degrees have been achieved in this less expensive apparatus, and neutrons have been observed.



(Left.)
HARWELL'S NEW
DIRECTOR: DR. B. F. J.
SCHONLAND.

Dr. B. F. J. Schonland is to succeed Sir John Cockcroft as Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, it was announced on Jan. 23. Dr. Schonland is now Deputy Director there. The change is part of the reorganisation relieving members of the Atomic Energy Authority of executive duties.

(Right.)
A ONCE-NOTED M.P.
DIES: SIR CHARLES
TREVELYAN.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, who died aged eighty-seven on January 24, was Labour M.P. for Central Newcastle from 1922 until 1931, when his public life drew to a close. He was President of the Board of Education in the Labour Governments of 1924 and of 1929 to 1931. He was noted for his strongly held ideals. His elder son succeeds to the baronetcy.



CEYLON'S NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER: H.E. G. DE SOYZA. His Excellency Gunasena de Soysa arrived in London recently to take up his appointment as the new High Commissioner to the United Kingdom for Ceylon. Since 1953 he has been Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Defence and External Affairs. He has previously attended the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conferences.



AN EMINENT ENGINEER DIES:
SIR ALEXANDER GIBB.

Sir Alexander Gibb, who died, aged eighty-five, on Jan. 21, was founder of the firm of consulting engineers bearing his name. Educated at Rugby and University College, London, he was pupil to Sir John Wolfe Barry and H. M. Brunel, and was later prominent in many major engineering projects, and was internationally honoured.



ENGRAVER AND AUTHOR:
THE LATE MR. R. GIBBINGS.

Mr. Robert Gibbings, who died on Jan. 19, aged sixty-eight, was well known both as a wood-engraver and as an author. As Director of the Golden Cockerel Press from 1924-33, he brought out some beautiful issues of classic texts and took a leading part in the revival in the art of wood engraving at that period. Photograph by Ivor Sharp.



THE ISRAELI CHIEF OF STAFF RESIGNS: GENERAL DAYAN. General Moshe Dayan has resigned as Chief of Staff of the Israeli Defence Forces, it was announced on Jan. 26. It is understood he is to stand for election to the Knesset, where he would probably become Minister of Defence in place of Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Premier. General Dayan directed the victorious Sinai campaign of 1956.

THE DOWNFALL OF A DICTATOR: REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA, SCENES AND PERSONALITIES.



(Left.) A LANDMARK OF THE NEW YEAR REVOLT BY AIR FORCE UNITS IN VENEZUELA: A BOMB-CRATER NEAR THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA IN DOWN-TOWN CARACAS. THIS REVOLT AGAINST THE DICTATORSHIP OF PRESIDENT JIMENEZ PROVED ABORTIVE OR PREMATURE.



(Right.) THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED IN THE VENEZUELAN REVOLUTION—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST JULY SHOWING (LEFT) REAR-ADMIRAL LARRAZABAL, NOW THE LEADER OF THE JUNTA, RECEIVING A SWORD FROM PRESIDENT JIMENEZ, WHO FLED TO EXILE ON JAN. 23.



DURING THE FIGHTING WHICH FOLLOWED THE GENERAL STRIKE: A CLOUD OF SMOKE RISING OVER CARACAS ON JAN. 21.



AS POLICE OPEN FIRE FROM THE SECURITY HEADQUARTERS, DEMONSTRATORS ATTACKING THE BUILDING TAKE COVER BESIDE AN ABANDONED TANK.



A MADDENED MOB FLINGING THEMSELVES SAVAGELY ON ONE OF THE SECURITY POLICE, WHO WERE THE CHIEF OBJECTS OF THE CARACAS DEMONSTRATORS' HATRED.

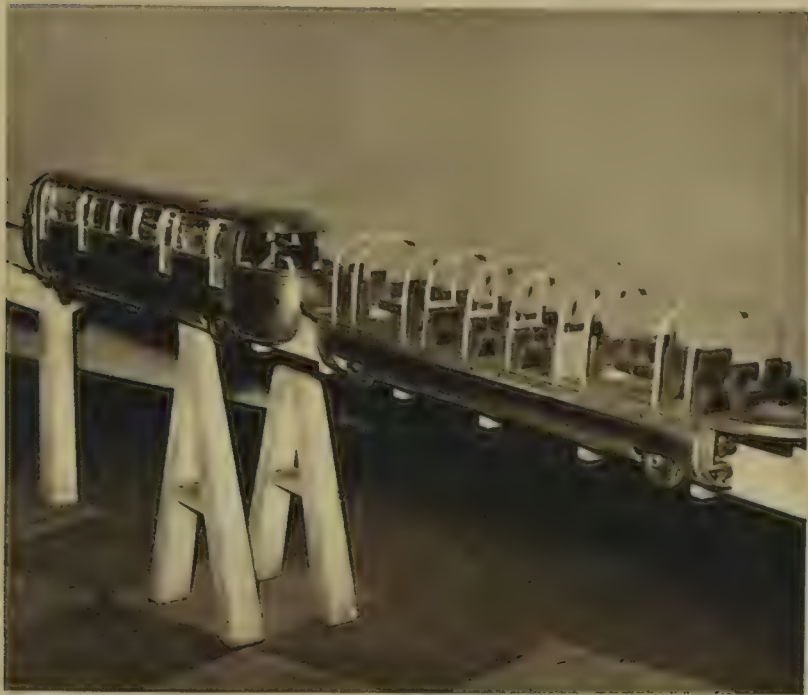


THE ORIGINAL MEMBERSHIP OF THE MILITARY JUNTA WHICH TOOK OVER POWER. FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: COLONEL CASANOVA, COLONEL VILLATE, REAR-ADMIRAL WOLFGANG LARRAZABAL, COLONEL ARAQUE AND COLONEL QUEVEDO. COLONELS CASANOVA AND VILLATE WERE LATER REPLACED BY CIVILIANS.

As reported previously, an Air Force revolt against the dictatorship of President Jimenez of Venezuela broke out on January 1 and was rapidly crushed. The dictator's success was more apparent than real, however, as a general strike against him which opened on January 21 rapidly turned into a general insurrection; and on that day and January 22 violent street fighting in the capital, Caracas, resulted in the death of more than 100 persons. In the

early hours of Jan. 23 President Jimenez fled by air, with some members of his Government, to Dominica. Power was taken over by a military Junta of five, headed by Rear-Admiral Larrazabal; but the strike and insurrection were the work of a civilian Patriotic Junta, headed by a twenty-nine-year-old journalist, Senor Fabricio Ojeda. Pressure from this body caused the replacement of two members of the military Junta by two civilian representatives.

FROM MONO-RAIL TO MURDER QUEST: A MISCELLANY OF RECENT NEWS.



(Above.)
A QUICK WAY TO LONDON AIRPORT? A MODEL OF A MONO-RAIL SYSTEM WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, COULD SUPPLY SPEEDY OVERHEAD TRANSPORT FROM AIR STATION TO AIRPORT.

This model, devised by a group of engineers whose chairman is Sir Alfred Bosson, M.P., was recently demonstrated to the Minister of Transport. The diesel-powered cars can run both on the road and on the overhead rail; and in the latter case could reach very high speeds, cutting the journey to the airport from an hour to about fifteen minutes.

(Right.)
A HELICOPTER'S EYE VIEW OF A FLOATING OIL-DRILLING RIG: THE BARGE *ADMA ENTERPRISE* BEING TOWED INTO POSITION OFF DAS ISLAND, IN THE PERSIAN GULF. The barge *Adma Enterprise*, a floating drilling rig complete with helicopter landing platform, has been towed 6800 miles from Germany and is here taking its position in the Persian Gulf to begin test drilling in the sea-bed for Abu Dhabi Marine Areas Ltd., a joint Anglo-French oil exploration project.



WHEN THE BEDCLOTHES ARE TOO SHORT... THE TAILS OF BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIRLINERS PROTRUDING FROM THE SPECIALLY CUT-AWAY DOORS OF SERVICING HANGARS AT LONDON AIRPORT, WHICH ARE TOO SMALL TO ACCOMMODATE THEM.



CIVIL DEFENCE—IN AN INDOOR EXERCISE: A VIEW OF "OPERATION FEATHERWEIGHT" IN ACTION IN THE PORCHESTER HALL AT PADDINGTON ON JANUARY 23. This Civil Defence exercise was staged by the C.D. organisations of Westminster, Paddington and Marylebone to demonstrate the system of deployment of mobile forces. It was carried out by a team of forty with the aid of a large floor map, wireless and telephones, and was watched by about 200 C.D. volunteers.



MAGNETIC DETECTION: POLICE USING AN ELECTRO-MAGNET TO SEARCH THE CLYDE FOR A GUN BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY A MURDERER. On January 21 detectives used a powerful 5-cwt. electro-magnet, mounted on a derrick, during a search of the bed of the River Clyde near King's Bridge, Glasgow, for the gun believed to have been used in the Uddingstone triple murder. The magnet was lent to the police by a Lanarkshire steel manufacturing firm.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NIGHT JOURNEYS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT all began with "The Gilbert and Sullivan Journal," a quarterly magazine of which any society would be proud. In the current issue its editor, D. Graham Davis, takes up with the gentlest good-nature my suggestion that "in the Gilbertian world there is no essential difference between a First Lord of the Admiralty and a Japanese Lord High Executioner." He says that there must be a quite different mental approach to each part, and that Ko-Ko cannot be played on the same lines as Sir Joseph Porter. Hastening to agree, I withdraw "essential" with a guilty glance over my shoulder, murmuring the while (in the very tones of Sir Joseph), "It is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that its official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable."

The new issue of the "Quarterly" has much about "Iolanthe" (and the seventy-fifth anniversary, last autumn, of its first production). Both Graham Davis and Colin Prestige write most agreeably on this. Spurred to discover how much of the libretto I could repeat, without prompting, I was pleased to get creditably through the Nightmare Song:

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—
Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very small second-class carriage.

(British Railways have caught up with Gilbert again.) The Nightmare Song sent me back to James Robinson Planché—who has been in my mind lately, with the Players' Theatre production of "King Charming"—and to the song of Dædalus in "Theseus and Ariadne" (1848):

I am almost perplexed to say what I saw next,
But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski,
Who was driving Nell Gwynne with Commissioner Lin
Over Waterloo Bridge in a drosky—a drosky.

Further desultory reading had to cease because I was due at the theatre. A few hours later, I came out a little dazed, and still in a world of nightmare and dream. The play I saw has not yet reached the West End of London. It will arrive shortly, so discussion must wait. I can say only that one scene, a town's-meeting in which a man is forced towards death—the preceding plot is complex—left some of us unable to shake off a feeling that the whole thing had been a nightmare: in the theatre an extraordinarily powerful nightmare. With that word on my lips, I was back at once in the more famous dream-scene of "The Bells": "Listen, friends! Don't fear for me! All this is but a dream!—I am in a dream."

I shall never fail to envy older players who remember Irving's Mathias. One phrase from Gordon Craig always sticks with me here, the actor's rendering of a line in the nightmare as "How the dogs howl at Daniel's farm—how they how-ow-owl-l-l-l." "I must confess,"

Craig proceeds, "that it can be only once said so, and by one man only, and in this very scene. But how it stirred the imagination, this one word!"

Nightmare and dream have been stirring my imagination all the week. In the theatre a dream-speech is invariably a good set-piece. Usually I am unable myself to recall with any clarity what I have dreamt about; I have duly awakened, laughing, bewildered, or freezing, but the details have vanished with the opening of my eyes. Not so in drama where the narrator has a most exact recollection of the circumstances of his dream, and repeats them with a relishing particularity, uninterrupted by any person from Porlock. Clarence's narrative from "Richard the Third" is as notable as any heard regularly nowadays. I have known the lines to be torn to shreds; but, however they are mauled, the

Of sympathy between us, as if they
Had lost a part of death to come to me,
And I the half of life to sit by them...

One thinks for a split second, no more, of lines in "Pygmalion and Galatea" ("I became conscious of a chilly self, A cold immovable identity, I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!") But though I am prepared to admit Gilbert's debt to Planché, I should be very dubious—and Mr. Davis will be relieved, I am sure—of linking him with Byron. I might find myself going on feverishly to relate the Lady Angela's "Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the wrong-doer," to Wilfred Denver's dream-speech in "The Silver King": "And then I saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long, bony hand, with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws." Be comforted: I am not doing so. "Patience," anyway, was produced in 1881, and "The Silver King" in 1882.

Once begin to talk of stage dreams and nightmares, and you are environed by them. They crowd to the pen. The curious thing is that the play that set me pondering on these night journeys is not intended to be a nightmare. It has the effect of one—but with the added horror that its central figure, its pursued victim, cannot wake, the sweat glistening on his brow, to relate what he has dreamt. He has not been dreaming.

The play—and I shall hope to return to it when it is done in London—remained with me throughout the next day, less for the tale itself than for the leading actor's portrait of a man dazed and terrified. It was something of a relief to find the memory waning at last when, on the next evening, I listened to a monologue by Bernard Miles in a variety programme at the Palace Theatre.

Mr. Miles was appearing as that Chiltern rustic of his who has nothing to do with dreams. Never was a man so down to earth. The actor seemed to be effortless. He strolled on and talked, hands in pockets. There happened to be a microphone before him, as in these odd new days of variety there usually is, but Mr. Miles, I imagine, could have been heard in Cambridge Circus, if he had wished, without artificial aid. He was reality itself in the figure of the poacher-peasant with the bright eyes, and the laugh that now sounded as a deep baying, and was now sucked up by the roots from some flooded meadow. The jokes did not matter much; the man himself remained astonishingly true.

If that rustic does not dream, his creator certainly does. Bernard Miles has dreamed of a Mermaid Theatre in the City, and this is taking so strong a shape that £33,000 of the £50,000 needed has already been subscribed. The Mermaid is rising at Puddle Dock, in Upper Thames Street. Mr. Miles may see his dream walking by the end of the year: the first theatre in the City of London for nearly three centuries.

No nightmare there. Rather, Mr. Miles—though with all caution, if rather more reason than Gilbert's Lord Chancellor—might begin to cry: "Victory! Victory! Success has crowned my efforts!" Everyone will want to wish joy to the potential Mermaid and to its redoubtable dreamer.



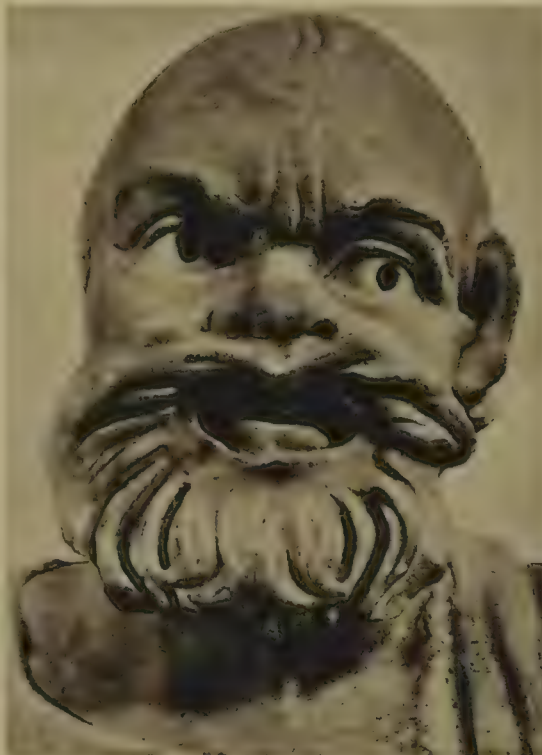
THE ANGRY OLD MAN OF THE NEW COMEDY—OF 2300 YEARS AGO. A STRIKING MARBLE STATUETTE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE NOW UNDER-WATER REMAINS OF A ROMAN VILLA OF ABOUT HADRIAN'S TIME (SECOND CENTURY A.D.).

The discovery of this remarkable small statue and its significance are described briefly on the facing page. He appears to be a mixture of two stock characters—the angry old man and Pappasilenus ("Grandfather Silenus"), a convivial old reprobate, own brother to Sir John Falstaff.

phrasing can haunt one for a long time afterwards: "Lord! Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown," "To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air," and "A shadow like an angel, with bright hair Dabbled in blood."

There are other less celebrated passages that we do not meet now, but that were famous in their day. It must have been an excitement, at Drury Lane, to have heard Macready, in Byron's "Sardanapalus," as he narrated the dream that had so "convulsed his slumber": the tale of the hunter and the crone, over-written, it seems, on the page, but likely, in the mouth of a great actor, to give a horrifying chill:

All turn'd upon me,
And stared, but neither ate nor drank, but stared,
Till I grew stone, as they seem'd half to be,
Yet breathing stone, for I felt life in them,
And life in me; there was a horrid kind



THE ANGRY OLD MAN—IN CLOSE-UP. THE STATUETTE REPRESENTS A COMIC ACTOR WEARING A MASK OF ONE OF THE STOCK TYPES OF GREEK AND ROMAN COMEDY.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A TOUCH OF THE SUN" (Saville).—Michael Redgrave, Diana Wynyard, and Ronald Squire in a new play by N. C. Hunter. (January 31.)
"THE POTTING SHED" (Globe).—Sir John Gielgud in the Graham Greene drama. (February 5.)



DISCOVERED IN A ROMAN VILLA, NOW BENEATH THE SEA, OFF TORRE ASTURA, NEAR ANZIO: A FINE MARBLE STATUE OF A COMEDIAN WEARING THE MASK OF "THE ANGRY OLD MAN."

This remarkable small marble statue, of which two other views appear on the facing page, was found very recently in the underwater remains of a Roman villa, off the coast near Anzio, south of Rome, a district famous for Cicero's last journey. It represents an actor wearing a comic mask of the general type which is familiar in terracottas. It seems, however, to be a blend of two different characters. The Roman comedy was based pretty well on the Greek "New Comedy" of Menander and Philemon, in which there were a number of definite stock characters, the slave, the parasite, the courtesan, the rich old man, and so forth. Of these the "angry old man" was one, and the mask which the comedian here is wearing seems definitely to represent this character; on the other hand, the shaggy tunic

(*chiton chortaios*) and the hairy legs point to another popular character, Pappasilenus, the drunken old reprobate. This combination of the two characters is more frequent in life than in the classic comedy. It would appear that the statue had been chosen by a rich lover of the theatre to adorn his library or perhaps the garden of his seaside villa. The breaking off of the right ear, incidentally, reveals the sculptor's realism, showing the hole left in the mask, to enable the supposed actor within to hear his cues. Similarly in the front face, on the opposite page, the mouth and eye openings of the mask are clearly shown. The photographs have been sent to us by Professor Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of Antiquities, Rome I, who has been directing the excavations at Sperlonga, somewhat further south on this coast.

FROM SURVIVAL SUITS TO OPERETTA: NEWS FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, LONDON: A MODEL OF THE REVISED PLAN FOR THE CENTRAL SITE.



NEW HALLS OF RESIDENCE FOR THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: A MODEL OF A RECENTLY APPROVED SCHEME.

The scheme for the development of Prince's Gardens, Exhibition Road, as Halls of Residence for the Imperial College of Science and Technology, has recently been approved by the L.C.C. as Planning Authority, and work is expected to begin this year. The revised plan for the development of the Imperial College central site, which retains the tower of the Imperial Institute building, was, on going to press, before the L.C.C. for planning approval. The architects for the latter are Messrs. Norman and Dawbarn; for the former, Messrs. Richard Sheppard and Partners.



IN "THE MERRY WIDOW" AT SADLER'S WELLS: (L. TO R.) DANILO (THOMAS ROUND), THE WIDOW (JUNE BRONHILL), VALENCIENNE (MARION LOWE), CAMILLE (W. McALPINE). Franz Lehár's operetta "The Merry Widow" came into the repertoire of the Sadler's Wells Company when it was performed at Sadler's Wells on January 20. The new translation into English is by Christopher Hassall; the production is by Charles Hickman, and the orchestra is conducted by Alexander Gibson. Choreography is by Pauline Grant.



FINALLY ALLOWED TO STAY IN BRITAIN: THE THREE HUNGARIAN REFUGEE FAMILIES WHO ARRIVED FROM BRAZIL AS STOWAWAYS.

On January 21, Mr. Butler announced that three Hungarian families who arrived in Britain from Brazil as stowaways on the *Highland Monarch* would, as a special exception, be permitted to stay here. One woman was pregnant, and had refused to return to Brazil, and the men had temporarily escaped detention.



SEEN DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT AT PORTSMOUTH: A NEW POLYTHENE EXPOSURE SUIT (RIGHT) CONTRASTED WITH THE OLD TYPE. At a Royal Navy demonstration of survival equipment held at Portsmouth on January 20, a naval airman wore a prototype of a new polythene exposure suit which appears to give the "survivor" remarkable buoyancy in the water. Hydrostatic release units for improved inflatable life rafts were also demonstrated.



AFTER BEING SWEEPED BY A HEAVY SWELL ON TO A ROCKY LEDGE NEAR THE NORTH PIER IN ABERDEEN HARBOUR: THE TRAWLER LUFFNESS.

When the Granton trawler *Luffness* struck the North Pier of Aberdeen Harbour and stuck on a rocky ledge on January 21 the crew of thirteen were rescued by a pilot-cutter and a tug-boat. The trawler was entering the harbour to get hospital treatment for a member of the crew when the accident occurred. Later, the trawler almost completely heeled over.



PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY: GUIDO RENI'S FINE ALTARPIECE FROM THE LIECHTENSTEIN COLLECTION.

On January 28 the National Gallery announced the purchase from the Prince of Liechtenstein, through Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, of Guido Reni's altarpiece, "The Adoration of the Shepherds by Night." Measuring over 15 ft. by 10 ft., this enormous canvas dates from just before Reni's death in 1642, and is a superb example

of the Bolognese artist's late work, characterised by the broad and free handling of his brush and composition. This notable example of Italian baroque painting on the grand scale, which has been re-lined, restored and cleaned, is to be temporarily displayed in the North Vestibule. It is the largest work ever acquired by the National Gallery.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

IT is peculiarly depressing for a reviewer when something rare gets lost in the torrent of fiction, never to be heard of again; and all the worse if he expected as much. Yet this oblivion may be largely deceptive. Others, too, perhaps many others, may feel excited about "The Eating Valley," by Augusta Walker (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), because they remember "The Goat Boy"; and they may be nervous, wondering how such a limpid, elemental little masterpiece can be followed up. Well, in a way it can't. "The Goat Boy" had to remain unique; while a story which tries for more, and looks like an "ordinary novel," must be disappointing to that extent. And presumably it has even less chance of being noticed. But those who were on the watch may come to think it as remarkable as its predecessor.

Though the scale is humble, the theme is no smaller than human life. Manuel has just returned from his *Wanderjahre*—three years at the Civil War—to begin the world. And there it is on its hilltop: a scab-like town, which must have lodged there at the beginning with some intent, only to subside and forget about it. And which was doomed from before the start. One day it will tumble into the Eating Valley—a red gash in the side of the hill, gradually cutting it in two. Everyone has known that for centuries. But they have also known they must die, yet gone on doing what came up.

It is the same for Manuel, who has now to get into the current and marry the girl he left behind. At first the townsfolk are strange. Manola is "any girl"; he has waited three years, just for any girl! Then the "dynamo" starts turning again, and she is his Manola. He is back among the familiar faces, in his old home, at his old job: but now a husband and father, happier, when the dynamo is running, than he had thought possible. But if it leaves off—say, in the middle of the Sunday afternoon promenade—everything goes empty. Though the common life answers his nature, it has remained meaningless to his spirit. Yet he can see there is nothing better, by the plight of Miss Linda, who is too spiritual, and of Lorenzo, who thinks too hard. The only happiness is to be "caught up."

One can abstract the ideas, but not their form: the picturesque little world, the mirage of a new housing estate, the philosophy of the hunchback who killed his wife, the troop of boys fleeing by at their "magic hour." . . . This is not a big story, and yet I was reminded of Tolstoy—perhaps especially by the ineffable little figure of Dolores' husband, the handsome guardsman.

OTHER FICTION.

"Penelope and Curlew," by Ann Bullingham (Macmillan; 15s.), is just like "Penelope," which was like nothing else: my favourite quality in a book, when it comes by nature and not design. And these two are almost laughably unpretending. They record the bird-chorus of a village school in the West Country—along with a certain amount of home background. The midget Penelope is a chatterbox, the biggest her parents ever knew—"They be always saying so." And now she has found her peer; though Curlew Carey is only six, he "talks older than anybody she knows." Curlew's father happens to be a poet. He came into the family as a lodger who never paid and was too nice to eject; and he has taught his son not only magniloquence, but ju-jitsu and acrobatics. Thus Curlew is able to confound the school bully, win Penelope's admiration, celebrate her in verse, and recover Brigadier Hayloft's wife's diamonds with immense *éclat*. If the tale has a weakness, it is that of ending too happily all round. Elsewhere, it is inimitably lifelike as well as charming.

"Underdog," by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), is a tough, sentimental crime story—masterly, of course. Clinch, the underdog, had always walked by himself, till he met Big Dan in the prison infirmary. This meeting alters his course, but not his mind. He didn't ask Dan to spring him, or engage him as a chauffeur, or want the "goofy kid" Lola round his neck; he has just got stuck with them, like a fly in a gluepot. His patron must have an "angle." Mrs. Dan, that big beautiful doll, must expect a pass. . . . And so on: till the "loner" abruptly graduates into a fond husband, and a self-appointed, self-doomed avenger. Admirable suspense and finish.

In "Death at the Strike," by Colin Willock (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), that dauntless magazine-publisher, Nathaniel Ironsides Goss, switches from wild-fowling to angling. First, he is inveigled into the grounds of Caistor House—newly vacated by boffins—in a bid for giant carp to be caught by night. This is a wild experience; and the carp that broke Mr. Goss's line had rather a human look. Next, he and his photographer move to the Stark Ford Hotel, where boulders come hurtling down on Mr. Goss, and kill one of the other fishermen. It is only natural to connect this with their adventure by the lake; and we embark on a milling round of nocturnal episodes and characters, with a terrific moor-and-pothole finale. Mr. Goss and his pursuits are a great refreshment to the routine.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AN amusing little game played in a Budapest team match:

CARO KANN DEFENCE.

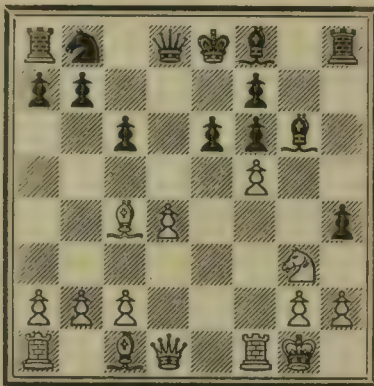
DOMZAL	FLETSCH	DOMZAL	FLETSCH
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB3	4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	5. Kt×Ktch	KtP×Kt
3. Kt-QB3	P×P	6. Kt-K2	B-B4

If Black wishes to play . . . P-KR4 (which got him into plenty of trouble later in this game), it is worth noting that he should play it now.

7. Kt-Kt3	B-Kt3	9. Castles	P-KR4?
8. B-QB4	P-K3	10. P-B4	P-R5

The logical sequel to his previous move; but from now on he is never out of trouble. Perhaps 10. . . . P-KB4 would have been better; it would have demoted his queen's bishop, however, to the status of a pawn.

11. P-B5!



What a lovely shemozzle! If Black now plays 11. . . . B-R2 White could, I think, safely sacrifice by 12. P×P! P×Kt 13. P×Pch. So . . .

11. . . .	P×Kt	13. P×Pch	K-Q2
12. P×B	R×P		

Realising that, after 13. . . . K×P, White could not only fasten on to the KP by Q-Kt4 and R-K1 but has also B-KKt5 up his sleeve, Black decides to go whilst the going's good.

14. R-K1	B-Q3	15. B×Pch	K-B2
----------	------	-----------	------

Fairly safe—but there is that passed white KBP; and White now traps Black's rook.

16. B-R3	Q-KB1	18. R-K8	Q-Kt2
17. Q-R5	P-KB4?	19. P-B3	

Not 19. R-Kt8?? Q×QPch.

19. . . .	R×B	21. B-Kt5	Resigns
20. P×R	P-Kt7		

He cannot complete his development and is threatened with 22. R-Kt8. An awful lot seems to have happened in twenty-one moves.

I note that Bobby Fischer, the fourteen-year-old Brooklyn boy, has eclipsed all his previous feats in winning the United States Championship. He finished a point ahead of Samuel Reshevsky, regarded by many as a leading challenger for World Championship honours.

So the United States possess a chess genius of the highest order. As Leonard Barden legitimately observes, Bobby Fischer has already accomplished more, even allowing for the chances provided by the better chess organisation of to-day, than either Paul Morphy or Raoul Capablanca at a corresponding age.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM SAVONAROLA AND ALEXANDER VI TO MODERN CHINA.

THE authors of "1066 And All That" never made a shrewder assessment than that in which they described the Cavaliers as "wrong but romantic," and the Roundheads as "right but repulsive." It may be a pity that reforming zealots should so rarely endear themselves either to their contemporaries or to history, and that vicious rascals should so often possess a great deal of charm. But so it is. There could hardly be a greater contrast, in this respect, than that between the Borgia Pope Alexander VI and Fra Girolamo Savonarola, and Count Michael de la Bedoyere's new book, "The Meddlesome Friar" (Collins; 18s.), shows that controversy about these two remarkable characters is still very much alive. A good deal of malicious or pietistic nonsense had already been cleared out of the way by the time that Count de la Bedoyere came to take another look at the story. Although the rehabilitation of the Borgias has been carried to extravagant lengths—I can never quite bring myself to accept the conclusions reached by Orestes Ferrara—it seems quite certain that Alexander VI never poisoned anyone; that he never had incestuous relations with his daughter Lucrezia; that Lucrezia herself was an excellent, accomplished, domesticated lady with a strong religious sense; and that whatever Cesare Borgia may have done, he certainly did not murder his brother, the Duke of Gandia. Alexander, of course, made not the slightest pretence of observing chastity. He was, indeed, far too much the devoted family man. But he ruled the Church well and wisely both as Vice-Chancellor and as Pope, and Count de la Bedoyere makes his readers believe that he did his best to be just and merciful in his dealings with Savonarola, and that it was his clear duty to pronounce first the excommunication and then the Interdict which led to the latter's downfall. What of the Friar himself? The picture is terrifying—almost as terrifying as the portrait by Fra Bartolommeo, reproduced in this book. Once one has granted his passion for austerity and the impulses which made him so certain that he was called upon to do God's work, one still cannot escape the ugly fanatic. Some saints have been called upon to beard Popes and to preach reform—St. Bernard, for instance, or St. Catherine of Siena—but their sainthood proclaims itself luminously, largely through their real charity. In the end, the zealot died on the gallows, and the sensualist died in his bed. Moralists may wag their heads, but the figure of Savonarola fills me with such repulsion that it needed a strong effort of will to accept Count de la Bedoyere's moderate conclusions.

Iain Hamilton, the author of the short autobiographical study "Scotland the Brave" (Michael Joseph; 16s.), was brought up as a very ordinary Scottish boy. He did nothing of any precocious note; even his dabbings with Scottish nationalism have about them the air of an adolescent "craze." But he writes vividly and with much humour and charm. He seems to invite his readers to laugh with him at a slightly comic little boy, and to share the simple zests of youth. I recommend the acceptance of his invitation.

Although M. Robert Guillain, a French journalist with a considerable knowledge of China, both before and after the People's Revolution, told me little of that country's present plight which I had not heard from other sources, I found his "The Blue Ants" (Secker and Warburg; 25s.) much more readable than most books about conditions behind either the Iron or the Bamboo Curtain. He readily grants that Communist China has an astonishing material achievement to her credit, but declares that the spiritual balance-sheet is terrifying. He believes, too, that Soviet Russia has acquired an almost complete stranglehold on China through the factories which she has built and supplied, and through her technologists. He finds that this influence is welcomed by the Chinese, and that the Soviet Union finds it of value for political purposes. All this is depressing, but true. M. Guillain is an excellent observer, especially of the human scene, and this piece of "colour reporting" is first-class.

So many books of travel and exploration come my way that I cannot help feeling a slight ache of exhaustion when I pick up yet another. Mr. Göran Schildt is a Finnish journalist who took his wife for a sail up the Nile. In "The Sun Boat" (Staples; 18s.) he writes absorbingly of all that they saw, ancient and modern. He moralises in a rather macabre manner about the mummies of the great Pharaohs, but there are very few people who can resist a really menacing Egyptian mummy. My exhaustion vanished like smoke.

A final word or two to welcome "Whitaker's Almanack, 1958" (J. Whitaker and Sons, Ltd.; three editions; 10s., 18s. 6d., and 35s.). This issue contains new sets of statistics, the latest postal regulations, and tables of currency equivalents. I myself do not care greatly for the illustrated section, which is, to my mind, rather thin and badly reproduced. But who would be churlish enough to criticise the invaluable Whitaker, equally indispensable at home as in the office?

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE 346

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

AT the Earls Court Motor Show in October last, in the coachwork competition of the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers, the Armstrong Siddeley *Sapphire* standard saloon was awarded the Institute's Gold Medal in its class, that is, within the basic price range of £900 to £1300. That fact is in itself indicative of the general excellence of design and high quality of finish of the coachwork.

From the point of view of appearance *per se* the *Sapphire* may be said to combine modern ideas of line and proportions with that degree of restraint or conservatism that is the hallmark of the best British productions. The vertical lines of the well-proportioned radiator grille, for example, could hardly be mistaken as being of Continental or North American origin, and they blend in well with the full-width frontal appearance in which the headlamps, foglamps and flashing indicator lamps are symmetrically disposed.

In side view the car is also distinctive by reason of the bold, flowing lines of both the front and rear wings, the latter having side valances that extend down almost to conceal the nave plates. Above the waistline the *Sapphire* has an air of lightness, the screen pillars, door hinge pillars and quarters presenting little obstruction to view, and the curved screen and back light giving a wide field of vision.

In fact, the car is undeniably handsome and its good proportions are well set off by a two-tone colour scheme, for which there is a choice of four combinations. A similar choice is offered those who prefer a single colour.

On first acquaintance this Armstrong Siddeley saloon is apt to be misleading, for on entering it many have been surprised to find that it is much larger than they judged it to be from its external appearance. It is, indeed, a really roomy six-seater, for the bench-type front seat measures 53½ ins. across the cushion and the rear seat is 47 ins. wide inside the fixed side armrests.

The front seat has a folding central armrest and is, of course, readily adjustable, with a range of fore-and-aft movement of 5 ins., which is sufficient to provide a comfortable driving position either for the six-footer or for the short driver. Equally important is the fact that with the seat in its rear-most position for the six-foot driver there is still 10½ ins. clearance between the back of the front seat and the rear cushion, so that the rear passengers have sufficient leg room.

Comfort and refinement are the keynotes of the interior, and are exemplified by the fine-quality leather upholstery, the deep-pile carpets, the washable roof lining and the polished burr-walnut dashboard, instrument panel and door cappings. Refinements are not restricted to the interior, however, for on opening the bonnet or the boot at night useful lamps are automatically switched on to illuminate the engine or luggage compartments.

The model tested had the normal four-speed synchromesh gear-box, and the fact that all four forward speeds are provided with synchromesh mechanism certainly makes for easier driving in traffic. Normally second gear is sufficient for starting from rest, but first should be used on a gradient and as it is easily engaged, without noise and without bringing the car to rest, there is no excuse for avoiding its use. The steering-column gear-change lever is left-hand actuated, and is a good example of its type.

An interesting point about the *Sapphire* power unit is that it is the largest "square" engine produced in this country, its six cylinders having a bore and stroke of 90 mm., giving it a capacity of 3435 c.c. With two carburettors and the moderate compression ratio of 7.0 to 1 it produces a maximum output of 150 b.h.p. at 5000 r.p.m., and remains particularly quiet- and smooth-running throughout its speed range.

It is also a very flexible engine and the driver in lazy mood need seldom change out of top gear. On the other hand the driver who rather likes to change gear will find the easy handling of the gear-lever and the responsiveness of the engine very much to his taste. The *Sapphire* is, indeed, an enjoyable car from the driver's point of view for its performance is lively and is matched by its braking capacity. Brakes are Girling hydraulic with Hydro-Vac servo operation, and call for only light pedal pressure.

Lightness of controls is one of the *Sapphire*'s many good points, for in spite of the 6.70 by 16-in. tyres the steering is by no means really heavy even when manoeuvring, is pleasantly light at normal running speeds, and has just sufficient understeer. Three turns of the 18-in.-diameter wheel are required from lock to lock, and the turning circle of 42½ ft. is not excessive for such a large car, with a wheelbase of 9 ft. 6 ins. and an overall length of 16 ft. 1 in.

The suspension system is sufficiently soft for comfort without adversely affecting road holding. At the front, coil springs and trailing wishbone links are used, with half-elliptics at the rear. Both at front and rear, double-acting

telescopic dampers control the springs and anti-roll bars minimise side sway.

As a result the car can be driven briskly over somewhat indifferent road surfaces without causing any passenger discomfort. When road conditions permit, the *Sapphire* cruises very quietly and effortlessly at 70 to 80 m.p.h., with a useful reserve of power which quickly produces speeds in the 90 to 100 m.p.h. bracket if required. Fuel consumption over a distance of 300 miles proved to be a fraction over 18 m.p.g.

There are some very practical features, and the layout of the instruments and switches merits note. From left to right in front of the driver there are four switches arranged in a square (reserve petrol, screen-wiper, panel light, heater), the speedometer, the clock with four warning lights below it (hand-brake, choke, high beam, turn indicators), a four-in-one dial matching the speedometer (ammeter, water temperature, oil pressure, fuel gauge), and four switches in square formation (lights, starter, fog-lamps, ignition).

There are also the screen-washer button to the right of the instrument panel, and the choke control below it. Ultra-violet lighting which shows only the figures and hands of the instruments is a boon to a driver who has a preference for being able to read the gauges at night.

Decidedly practical, too, is the size of the boot; this provides no less than 17 cu. ft. unencumbered by the spare wheel, which has its own compartment beneath the luggage.

Two other details which the driver appreciates are small tell-tale glasses on the tops of the side lamps on the wings, and a light beneath the scuttle so placed that it can be used by the passenger for map reading without dazzling the driver. The reserve fuel switch brings the last 1½ gallons of the 16-gallon tank into use, and its presence therefore is an additional safeguard for the absent-minded driver.

Apart from the fittings and equipment already mentioned there is a 3½-Kw. heating and ventilation system with controls for car heating and screen demisting. Fresh air is admitted to the heater through a scuttle ventilator and when the car is in motion the ram effect is quite adequate without calling on the motor-driven fan. Altogether the *Sapphire* provides an attractive combination of comfort and performance at a most reasonable figure, its basic price being £1100, and total cost with purchase tax £1651 7s.

MOTORING NOTES.

Despite the bad start owing to the Suez crisis 1957 turned out to be a year of record exports for the British Motor Corporation. Of the nearly 450,000 vehicles built during the year B.M.C. exported 49.2 per cent. or nearly 220,000 to a value, including service parts, of almost £100,000,000. This exceeds the previous export record of 1955, when 190,000 vehicles were shipped abroad.

The A.A. reports a disturbing increase in the number of prosecutions of owners of "dual-purpose" vehicles, especially for speeding offences. Misunderstanding about what legally constitutes a dual-purpose vehicle has led to many drivers unwittingly breaking the law. A dual-purpose vehicle is not subject to a 30 m.p.h. speed limit outside a built-up area provided that: (1) the unladen weight does not exceed 2 tons, and the vehicle is not adapted to carry more than seven passengers, excluding the driver; and (2) its construction complies with the regulations laid down, the principal points being that it must have a rigid roof, be permanently fitted with at least one transverse row of passenger seats, properly cushioned, and have sizeable windows at the sides and rear. Any vehicle not exceeding 2 tons equipped with four-wheel drive is classed as a dual-purpose vehicle.

Early in January an entirely new Hillman *Husky* was announced by the Rootes Group. The new model has longer, lower lines, more passenger and luggage space, and the performance is considerably improved by the fitting of the 1390-c.c. overhead-valve Hillman *Minx* engine, which develops 43 b.h.p. at 4000 r.p.m.

The curtailing of her car imports by New Zealand seriously reduces the value of one of Britain's major export markets, the possible reduction during the year amounting to 9000 cars.

The retirement was recently announced of Alfred Neubauer, famous as the racing manager of Mercedes-Benz for the past thirty-three years and well known to motor sport enthusiasts.



A COMMODIOUS SIX-SEATER: THE ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE SALOON, OF WHICH COLONEL CLEAVE WRITES THAT IT "IS UNDENIABLY HANDSOME AND ITS GOOD PROPORTIONS ARE WELL SET OFF BY A TWO-TONE COLOUR SCHEME." THE BOOT PROVIDES 17 CU. FT. OF LUGGAGE-SPACE.

An open letter

TO PARENTS OF AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN



From: Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C.



AIR MINISTRY (ILN3),
ADASTRAL HOUSE,
THEOBALDS ROAD,
LONDON WC1

Dear Sir,

Suggesting a career is always a big responsibility—not least for parents with a son growing up. In the final analysis, the choice must lie with your son himself. But you can help him in his choice.

Here, therefore, are some facts about one career which is particularly attractive to an ambitious young man. I refer to a flying career in the Royal Air Force.

First, let me assure you that flying will continue in the Royal Air Force for as far ahead as can be foreseen. The Royal Air Force has the prime responsibility for the air defence of this country. For young men therefore who are trained to tackle the problems of the air in the air, there will be more—not fewer—opportunities in the missile age. This is especially true of those who qualify now for a permanent or short service commission and come successfully through their Pilot's, Navigator's or Air Electronics Officer's training.

It is a well-paid job. In how many callings can a man of 25 earn £1,500 a year? It is a job of high responsibility. Quite apart from flying and its fascinating skills, there are the manifold duties of an officer; to men under him; in staff, liaison or training jobs; and perhaps, in high command.

You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this magnificent (but exacting) life. If he is over 17½ and has G.C.E. or equivalent to the required standard, you may be doing him a service if you write to the Air Ministry for fuller information.

Let me add that the country needs the right kind of young men for this vitally important job, and it needs them now.

Yours faithfully,

Air Member for Personnel

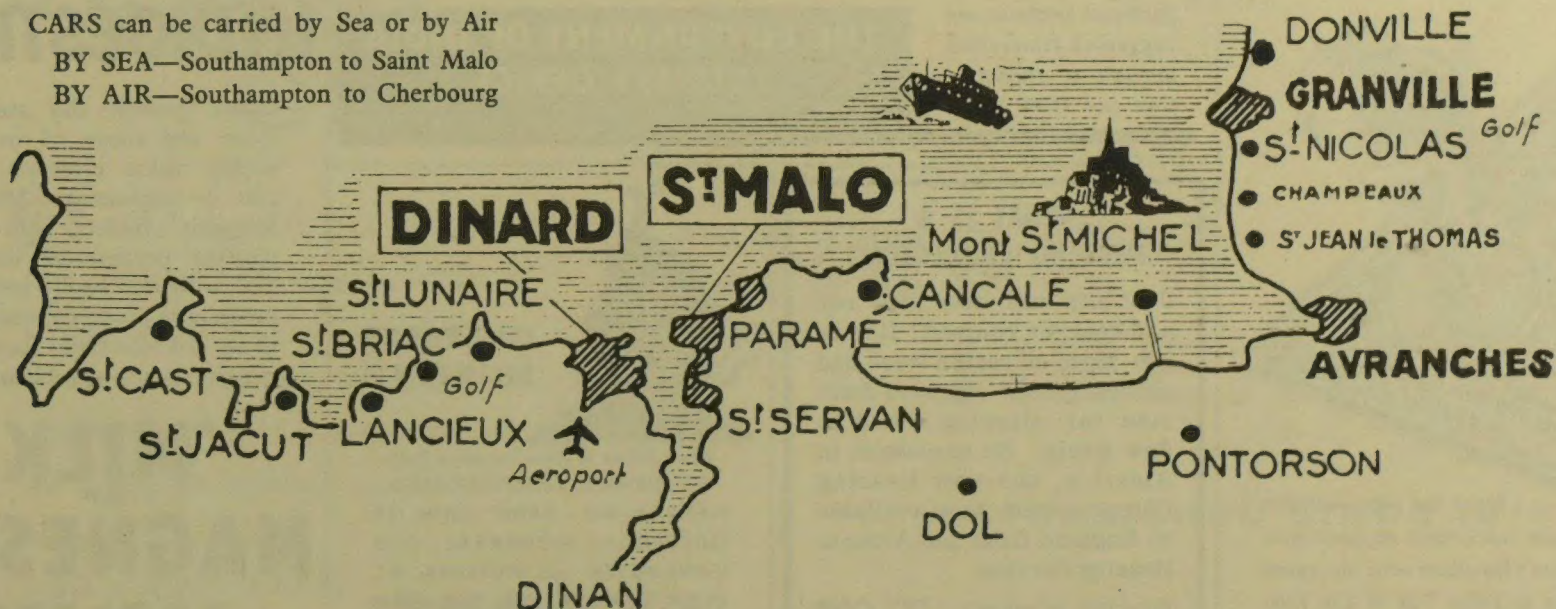
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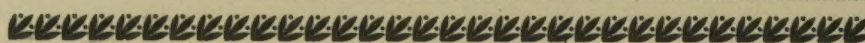
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